A Quarterly of New Literature

ACCENT

A. M. KLEIN:
Pawnshop

BERTHOLD VIERTEL:
Five Anecdotes

W. Y. TINDALL:
The Symbolism of W. B. Yeats

AGNES W. MACDONALD: Reunion in America

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30 CENTS

SUMMER, 1945

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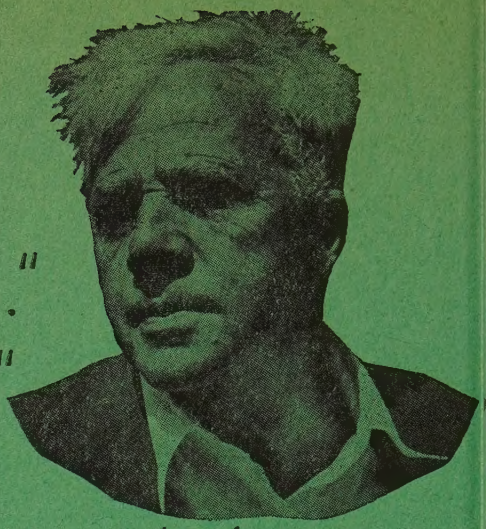
"Ageless . . ."
"Humorous . . ."
"Delightful . . ."



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A QUARTERLY OF NEW LITERATURE
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A. M. KLEIN:

Pawnshop

I

May none be called to visit this grim house,
all cupboards, and each cupboard skeleton'd
with ghost of gambler, spook of shiftless souse,
with rattling relict of the over-dunned!
Disaster haunts it. Scandals, once-renowned,
speak from its chattels. In its darkness glow
the minds of the poor who stalk its rooms at night.
One should have razed it to the salted ground
antitheses ago,
and put its spectres long ago to flight!

II

Near waterfront, a stone's throw from the slums,
it lifts, above its wreckage, three gold buoys;
yet to its reefage tattoo'd flotsam comes
dropping the snared bags of exotic toys.
Also those stranded on their own dear shores,
the evicted tenant, the genteel with false name,
the girl in trouble, the no-good sons and heirs,
waver, and pause before its brass-bound doors,
look right and left, in shame,
enter, and price, and ticket their despairs.

III

So, for a coloured cardboard, wave out of sight
the dear, the engraved, the boasted inventory:
the family plate hocked for the widow's mite;
the birthday gifts; the cups of victory;
the unpensioned tools; the vase picked up in Crete;
the hero's medal; ring, endowing bride;
camera; watch; lens; crushed accordion:—
O votives of penultimate defeat,
weighed, measured, counted, eyed
by the estimating clerk, himself in pawn.

IV

Whose lombard schemes, whose plotting kapital
thrusts from this lintel its three burnished bombs
set for a time, which ticks for almost all
whether from fertile suburbs or parched slums?
The architect is rusted from his plaque.
Was his name Adam? Was his trade a smith
who thought a mansion to erect of wealth
that houses now the bankrupt bricabrac,
his pleasure-dome made myth
his let-do hospitality made stealth?

V

This is our era's state-fair parthenon,
the pyramid of a pharaonic time,
our little cathedral, our platonic cave,
our childhoods' house that Jack built. Synonym
of all building, our house, it owns us; even
when free from it, our dialectic grave.
Shall one not curse it, therefore, as the cause,
type, and exemplar of our social guilt?
Our own gomorrah house,
the sodom that merely to look at makes one salt?

The Green Old Age

Pity who wear the castoffs of the years,
dressing in clown's clothes the unclownish ones,
with baldness on head, and hairiness in ears,
and cellophane upon the chalky bones,
and in concealed sacking, stones!

Sweet flakes in the blood, the mouth exhaling acid;
the bowels becalmed, and the loud bile in rage,
the artery hardened, and the member flaccid;
nor ever at normal the pulsating gauge—
metathesis of age

which strives again toward its babyhood
where neither the shanks nor sphincters will behave,
nor syntax stand, and where, as if it would
be joined again, the spinal cord does crave
the navel of the grave.

Be blessed the doctors who with toxic ease,—
coned odour, marrowed needle, candid pill,—
the waxing of these mooned monstrosities
forestall; and give into the hand and will
the proleptic miracle.

Sonnet Unrhymed

When, on the frustral summit of *extase,*
—the leaven of my loins to no life spent,
yet vision, as all senses, sharper, —I
peer the vague forward and flawed prism of Time,
many the bodies, my own birthmark bearing,
and many the faces, like my face, I see:
shadows of generation looking backward
and crying *Abba* in the muffled night.

They beg creation. From the far centuries
they move against the vacuum of their murder,
yes, and their eyes are full of such reproach
that although tired, I do wake, and watch
upon the entangled branches of the dark
my sons, my sons, my hanging Absaloms.

KENNETH O. HANSON:

Measure the Gravity, Measure the Wit, Eye the Silent Whistle

B. Franklin endlessly encroaches
on the metaphor that sings
falsetto apt incongruous things

the mind with stiff formality
of unknown dogs approaches
sudden silence
finds
that days revolve like red
wheels on a circus wagon

the vague indecent misanthrope
that hates through avenues of fear
tells time by cracked chronology of hope
a theme intriguing
insincere
as payment for the pain
of seven fat years in one lean

our feet impatient for
no place in particular
accept
the formulae of doubletalk
the terror
of simplicity & error
we walk
without bread in his cadence
down the foreign streets of now

Ben Franklin's ancient regimen is our disease
hard are his arteries

The Solemn Chippie Sings, Poor Nell . . .

. . . make sweet melody, sing many songs, that thou mayest be remembered.

Isaiah

midnight moves behind me down the street
wearing something incomplete
with patent caution now the street-met thief
the shadow drags beyond belief
a soiled shroud stiff with recollection

midnight moves
a motor coughs discreet
as Mozart on his little feet
somewhere somewhere this complete
uncertainty awaits the hour of 4 a. m.

O time in extreme seconds thinking
biting dry chunks from the molding bread
of our eternity
assume
with whatever infinite care
ineffable incandescence there
make of a stubborn set of facts
whatever fact you feel will wear
with greatest permanence

staccato fear interrogates the mind
midnight moves with subterfuge

along the tense roof's edge
runs winter's sentence smooth
with punctuation of ice

Eat your porridge cold
Eat your porridge hot
The last truth is a bold
stroke, Death, Nell . . .

BYRON VAZAKAS:

Liebestod

It must have been that Tristan
was a lonely man, one buried,
then resurrected by forbidden
love. Isolde was not a woman,

But what, like music, transcends
the boundaries of form. Their
suffering, like ours, was the
living for it, not for here-

After, but for the martyrdom's
acute predicament, which music's
perfect tongue can alter. After
they had accepted their love's

Responsibility, their motif turned
to flesh and fire. Even their
narrowing time, like a ticking
clock, lent urgent richness to

The room. It was strange, now, a
place where others lived, as
though the furniture became its
former occupants. But the wood-

Winds' melancholy growl still seemed
to hesitate, as though reluctant
to fulfill their theme's transfigured
sensuality. The lovers merely

Waited now. What remained was to be
done by others, the envious and
frustrated who looked on; the
tragic lovers of what they could

Not have, or feared to take; their
scornful fingers pointing toward
the mirror of desire . . . Perhaps it
was better to die like this than

To survive long years of defeat before
surrender; and rise up on the crest
of that great wave's turning, when
the passionate music broke and

Spumed upon the clamorous shore . . .
Death, yes, frustration's trap
released, and Tristan swept into
the ecstatic vortex of that song.

EMMA SWAN:

The Live Body of a Beast

Sprawling wild-cat carcass
Cannot cry or fly
Until the word of a bass
Deep-sea voice, or the spry

Whipcrack call to order
Or, in an extreme,
The pistol shot to murder,
Shatters his Eden dream.

A witticism among wild-cats:
To sleep through it all,
Disobeying the men with hats,
Masters, whose very small,

Tight-fitting bodies demand
So much, who shake your paw
As if it were a hand
On leaving, and lock the door.

Has the wilderness body softened
Behind the iron bars?
Possibly, but when threatened
Can still expose its claws.

GEORGE P. ELLIOTT:

Pasture with a Barn and Trees Seen from a Shipyard

Mud-flats, the homeward rhythms of a buoy,
Girls turning cartwheels on the hill, remind me
That now my oldest friends make me uneasy;
And seven horses which I couldn't harness,
That what I do is turned to deathly uses.

If I could modulate this steady beauty
To my inconstant purpose, it would make
Geometry of tilting, hostile orbits,
Prophesy comets, find the polar stars—
If not improve, legitimate my cosmos.

My seeming, my cover for the hard to touch—
Freedom to love, the way I judge, hopes, passions—
Betrays without spies the agonies that rule
A planet; exile, war, imprisonment,
Certainty of nothing but long forced migrations.

The things I do are made of iron, will rust,
Be out of date or sink in fifty years.
The things I write are scarcely read, green pauses,
Are by-way like those pastures, not to be found
In blue prints for what men schedule to survive.

Still, like the aimless movers in this scene,
I will be sorry to have ceased to live,
For maybe some who turn from iron noise
Will find my verse a welcome bell. My hopes
Must be deciduous like that apple tree.

W. Y. TINDALL:

The Symbolism of W. B. Yeats

Dedicating his *Symbolist Movement in Literature* to William Butler Yeats, Arthur Symons called his Irish friend "the chief representative of that movement in our country." Symons makes it plain that Yeats belongs not to the French symbolist movement but rather to a general European movement of which the French are leaders. Later critics have been less accurate. C. M. Bowra in his *Heritage of Symbolism* (1943) takes it for granted that Yeats is heir to the French; and Edmund Wilson in *Axel's Castle* (1931), searching for connections to support his thesis, went so far as to invent a meeting between Yeats and Mallarmé. Joseph Hone, also accepting Yeats as an heir to the French, asserts in his *Life of W. B. Yeats* (1943) that Yeats was familiar with the *"Hérodiade"* of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, an assertion which would carry more weight if Mallarmé had not written it and if Yeats had been familiar with it. These critics, whose confusions suggest only that the matter is confusing, may be forgiven for their desire to impose cause, effect, and order upon something that seems to deny these satisfactions.

Yeats was a symbolist. That much is clear. But it is also clear that his knowledge of French was so slight that he was unable to read the difficult poems to which he is supposed to be indebted. His French, which he picked up here and there without much benefit of schooling, was adequate for translating Ronsard's sonnet "When You Are Old" (1893), unless, of course, Yeats took the poem from an English version. "Ephemera" (1889) resembles Verlaine's *"Colloque Sentimental."* Ronsard and Verlaine, however, are comparatively simple, and neither could have become the basis for a system of symbolism such as Yeats was to devise.

The case for *Axël* by Villiers de l'Isle Adam is stronger. Probably between 1890 and 1892 Yeats read this play slowly and laboriously, for, as he says, his French was very poor. "That play seemed all the more profound," he adds in the Preface he wrote for an English translation of *Axël* in 1925, "because I was never quite certain that I had read a page correctly." On February 26, 1894, he went to Paris to see the production of *Axël* at the Théatre Montparnasse in company with Maud Gonne, who assisted his memory by explaining the words of the actors. She also helped him through the almost surrealist obscurities of Jarry's *Ubu Roi* at the symbolist Théatre de l'Oeuvre in 1896. On his return from Paris in 1894 Yeats reviewed *Axël* in the April *Bookman* as part of the spiritual reaction of his time against science, externality, and the realism of Zola and Ibsen. Yeats saw no hope of a London production of this transcendental play, for the public was ready only for Pinero and Jones. The reading of *Axël* had a lasting effect upon Yeats as his short stories "Rosa Alchemica" and "Out of the Rose" demonstrate. And his symbolic play *The Shadowy Waters* (1900) is a translation of *Axël* into nautical terms.

Aside from *Axël* and a number of treatises on the occult, there is no available evidence that Yeats read anything in French. But he was acquainted with the plays of Maeterlinck in English translation. These plays were produced in English on the London stage, starting with *L'Intruse,* January, 1892, and continuing with the others through the nineties; and from 1892 on, his plays were translated and published in London almost as soon as they were published in France. Casual references from as early as 1894 in Yeats' essays and reviews show his acquaintance with Maeterlinck; and in the September, 1897, *Bookman* he reviewed Sutro's translation of *Aglavaine et Selysette.* Although he was less enthusiastic about Maeterlinck's plays and essays than he was about *Axël,* he regarded them as almost equally significant rebellious against the external, and he was fascinated with Maeterlinck's repeated symbols of mysterious intruders, lighthouses, and wells in the woods.

With the other symbolists he was less familiar. In 1894 he visited Verlaine in the Rue St. Jacques and spoke with him in English—"for I had explained the poverty of my French." They talked of *Axël* and of Maeterlinck. The article in *The Savoy* (April, 1896) in which Yeats tells about this visit, is concerned with Verlaine's character and life, to the neglect of his poetry in which, except for the problematical "Ephemera," Yeats never displayed much interest. When he met the English-speaking Stuart Merrill in Paris, they talked not about poetry but about politics and socialism toward which both Merrill and Yeats temporarily inclined. But at this time perhaps Merrill undertook the translation into French of three of Yeats' poems. Maud Gonne and William Sharp conducted Yeats among the French during the nineties; and in later years Iseult Gonne, Maud's daughter, took their place. It was she who kept Yeats up to date, reading and translating for him the poems of Claudel, Péguy, and Valéry, none of whom had the slightest effect on his work, although in 1938 he remarked that only Valéry's denial of immortality prevent him from placing the "Cimetière Marine" [sic] among his sacred books.

These contacts with France were inconsiderable, but Yeats managed to supplement them during the late nineties through his friendship with Arthur Symons, his next door neighbor in the Temple and fellow member of the Rhymers' Club. As Symons wrote his translations from Verlaine and Mallarmé, he read them to Yeats. Yeats was particularly impressed, he tells us in his Autobiography, with Symons' selection from Mallarmé's *"Hérodiade,"* which increased his own inclination toward an art separated from "everything heterogeneous and casual," from circumstance and character, in other words, toward a poetry as unlike that of the Victorians as possible but like the self-contained, socially isolated, and integrated poetry of Mallarmé. These translations, Yeats continues, "may have given elaborate form" to the latter verses of his *Wind Among the Reeds* (1899); and he will never know, he adds, how much his theory and practice owe to these translations. It is possible, as Yeats suggests, that the verses of Symons had these effects, but it must be remembered that Symons' translation from *"Hérodiade"* is not a good one and that any elaborateness communicated by it is from Symons, not Mallarmé. But the case for theory

is a stronger one; for it must be supposed that Symons, who understood the theories of Mallarmé, talked as much as he read, and that Yeats must have acquired some knowledge at second hand of symbolist intentions. Moreover, Yeats read *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* when it appeared in 1899 and based his essay "The Symbolism of Poetry" (1900) partly upon what he had learned. "When sound, and colour, and form are in a musical relation . . . to one another," Yeats says in this essay, "they become as it were one sound, one colour, one form, and evoke an emotion that is made out of their distinct evocations and yet is one emotion." This is Mallarmé by way of Symons. That sentence from Mallarmé about the trembling of the veil of the temple which Yeats was continually quoting, since it does not seem to occur in the works of Mallarmé, may also have been repeated to Yeats by Symons who had sat on Tuesdays at the feet of the master.

A man who cannot read Mallarmé cannot be affected by Mallarmé. But it is unnecessary to look to him or to any Frenchman for the symbolism of William Butler Yeats, who was a symbolist poet long before he had heard of the French. He based his symbolism upon the poetry of Blake, Shelley, and Rossetti and, above all these, upon the occult. In 1886, under the spell of Mme. Blavatsky, Yeats joined the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and two years later he joined in London the Order of the Golden Dawn, a Rosicrucian and Kabalistical society, whose leader, MacGregor Mathers, maintained connections with the similar order of Stanislas de Guaita in Paris. From the works of Mme. Blavatsky, Yeats learned that Anima Mundi, a reservoir of all that has touched mankind, may be evoked by symbols. From Swedenborg, he received the doctrine of correspondences, from Eliphas Lévi the doctrine of magical incantations and symbols which have power over spiritual and material reality, and from Boehme the similar doctrine of signatures. The Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus informed him that things below are as things above. And the symbolic ritual of the Rosicrucians confirmed these ideas. A rebel against the world of matter, Yeats learned that all material things correspond to concepts in the world of spirit, and that through the use of material objects as magical symbols the adept may call down disembodied powers. The essay "Magic" (1901) expresses his conviction that the great memory of nature "can be evoked by symbols." Like Baudelaire, who had read Swedenborg before him, Yeats became a poetic visionary, and like Rimbaud, who had followed Eliphas Lévi, Yeats became a "magus," a master of magic who through poetic symbols and trances could surprise reality in its lair. Although he had never heard of Baudelaire or Rimbaud during his reading of Lévi and Swedenborg, Yeats belonged with these poets to the great transcendental movement of the nineteenth century and turned naturally to the same supernatural sources. Material reality became for him as for them a chaos of symbols through which a poet could deal indirectly with spiritual order. The example of Blake, also an occultist, taught Yeats the use in poetry of magical symbols; and the poems of Shelley, which he carefully analyzed, confirmed his symbolic system. Like Blake, Baudelaire, and Rimbaud, Yeats saw the poet as magus and priest but as

poet before magus and priest. Knowing what he was about, he went to the occult in the first place to discover, if he could, the laws of the imagination, to find ways of inducing trance and vision through which he could confront the inner and higher realities he needed, and to find images or symbols for his poetry.

By 1890, before he learned about the French symbolists, he had been writing symbolic poems for several years, and when Symons and others told him about the French poets, Yeats welcomed them as fellow travellers on the road he was following, as fellow transcendentalists and occultists who had, like Blake and Shelley, hit upon symbolism as the only possible way to express what they had experienced. It is notable that aside from professional occultists and Huysmans the only Frenchmen whom Yeats read were Maeterlinck, who was a kind of theosophist, and Villiers, who was also a student of Eliphas Lévi and of the Rosicrucians. Occult considerations led Yeats to the laborious reading of *Axël,* and it was probably MacGregor Mathers, the Rosicrucian, who introduced him to this congenial play.

To see how congenial it was a synopsis is necessary. This play concerns the well-born Sara, a novice in a nunnery, who has read a collection of Rosicrucian works carelessly left around in the convent library. As she stands before the archdeacon in her bridal robes about to take the veil, she is overcome with longing for a more spiritual life and for a treasure she has also read about. Seizing an axe and assuming a fierce demeanor, she locks the archdeacon in a tomb, climbs out of a window, and departs. Meanwhile, Count Axël of Auërsperg, living in exile from the world in his very Gothical castle in the Black Forest, pursues Rosicrucian studies, attempts the "Great Work" of alchemy, and practices magic according to the precepts of Eliphas Lévi, under the supervision of Master Janus, an adept. Indifferent to the world of matter, from which he desires to detach himself for the sake of perfection, Axël refuses to hunt for the treasure buried somewhere on his premises. He speaks eloquently of Hermes Trismegistus, Paracelsus, and the Magi. During an interminable conversation with Master Janus, however, he suddenly renounces his spiritual aims and decides to use his magic to secure the treasure. Descending into the vaults beneath the very Gothical castle, he comes upon Sara, who has already discovered the treasure. She shoots him. Enchanted by her cruelty and her shape, he covers himself in her long hair and breathes the spirit of dead roses. He proposes that they take the treasure and have a good time in Paris, Kashmir, Heliopolis, London. But she shows him her cruciform dagger and her faded rose (the Rosy Cross) which are the symbol and "correspondence" of her belief, her soul, and the nature of things. He is moved. Therefore, in expiation of their passing infidelity to the spirit of the Rosy Cross, and in contempt of the world and of love, they resolve to die, and die. The spiritual allegory, filled with symbols of castle, lamp, treasure, and the like, immediately became one of Yeats' "sacred books," surpassing even *Prometheus Unbound* in his esteem. It is easier to see why it should have appealed to a member of the Order of the Golden Dawn than why it should have appealed to the most symbolical Frenchman.

The symbols of Yeats' early poems, like those of Villiers and of Lévi, are occult in character. From Mme. Blavatsky he learned that the great memory of nature preserves the legends of all nations and that one may get into touch with Anima Mundi through symbols drawn from Irish legends, the symbolic characters of Oisin or Aengus, for example, or the hound with one red ear, the white deer with no horns, or the island in the sea. But equally characteristic are his arbitrary occult symbols of rose, cross, lily, bird, water, tree, moon and sun, which he could find in the Kabalistic, Theosophical, and the other profound works which constituted the greater part of his reading. The two trees in his poem of that name are the Sephirotic tree of life of the Kabala and the tree of knowledge. The "Powers" of his poem" The Poet Pleads with the Elemental Powers" are Mme. Blavatsky's elemental spirits, the "Immortal Rose" is the Rosicrucian flower, and the "Seven Lights" are the seven planets and the astral light of theosophy. The "Ineffable Name" of "To Some I Have Talked with by the Fire" is the Kabalistical *Shem Hamphorasch* or Jehovah, whose unspeakable four-lettered name in Hebrew characters admits of seventy-two combinations, as Yeats, practising with the Kabalists in Paris, knew by experience. These symbols differ from those ordinarily employed by the French in that they are traditional, systematic, more arbitrary and definite in outline. But although they are first of all magical symbols, hence impersonal, as used by Yeats they become as personal, reverberating and mysterious as the symbols of the less systematic French.

Of these early symbols the rose is the most complex. Most of the rose poems are to be found in *The Rose* (1893), written in his first enthusiasm after reading *Axël* with its Rosicrucian roses. But as a member of the Order of the Golden Dawn Yeats had no need to pilfer *Axël,* for the symbolic ritual of his society centered about the rose and cross. Although this society was secret, the details of its ritual have been revealed; for Aleister Crowley, a member, violating dreadful vows, exposed the ritual of the Order at great length in the September, 1909, and March, 1910, numbers of *The Equinox,* a magazine which he edited. This ritual, which has escaped the attention of critics, does much to make Yeats' poetic symbolism clear.

The novices of the Golden Dawn were confronted with the Sephirotic tree of life, the seven planets, the sphinx, and with the symbols of the four elements. Candidates of the fourth grade who were called "Unicorns from the Stars" (a phrase which Yeats took as the title for one of his plays) learned the doctrine of correspondences between microcosm and macrocosm, and at one point in their spiritual development were permitted to inhale the perfume of a rose. But only the higher initiates were admitted to the secret of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold, "the fadeless Rose of Creation and the immortal Cross of Light" or life itself, ecstasy and suffering, and union with God. Light, fire, the color red symbolized, as in Zoroaster, the highest good. In the vault of initiation there was a rose on the ceiling, a rose with a cross on the floor, and the vault was lit with the ray of a luminous rose. Father Christian Rosenkreutz, about whom Yeats wrote an essay, was regarded as the founder of the society; and

the symbols of dagger, cup, and rose, which appear in Yeats' diagram of the Great Wheel, were conspicuous in the ritual. Even "Hodos Camelionis," which makes its appearance in Yeats' *Autobiography* as "Hodos Chameliontos," occurs in the course of this awful ceremony.

But to return to the symbol of the rose in Yeats' poems and stories: it is even more complex than this ritual would imply, for Yeats was personal as well as occult and he used the rose to mean more than Father Christian Rosy Cross or MacGregor Mathers intended. In "The Rose of Peace" the rose means earthly love at it does in a popular song; but the rose of "The Rose of the World" is more complicated, meaning on one level transient earthly love and beauty and on another eternal love and beauty. "The Rose of Battle" is more occult, symbolizing God's side in the battle of spirit against matter or what inspires occultists and those who have failed of earthly love in their endless battle with the materialists. Here the rose is a refuge from earthly love. Wearing this militant rose of ruby and intellectual flame as the symbol of his life and hope, the Rosicrucian knight of the story "Out of the Rose" wages God's wars against outer order and fixity. The rose in "To the Rose upon the Rood of Time," as the title of the poem implies, is the Rosicrucian rose but it is also the power of the creative imagination and occult philosophy too, which, Yeats fears, may remove him so completely from the present world that he will cease to be a poet. A similar fear plagues the hero of the story "Rosa Alchemica," an adventure in spiritual alchemy in which the rose as in Eliphas Lévi means the "Great Work" of transmuting matter into spirit. Taken to the headquarters of the Order of the Alchemical Rose where adepts ceremoniously dance with spirits who wear black lilies in their hair, the hero joins the terrible dance. On the dancing floor, to increase his terror, is a great cross and on the ceiling a rose. The acting version of *The Shadowy Waters* has a passage on the rose and cross as a symbol of the union of body and soul, life and death, sleep and waking. More and more Yeats feared the isolation of spirit from matter as he had feared the isolation of matter from spirit, and with these fears the rose came to mean what he called "unity of being" or the integration and harmony of self, world, and spirit. These meanings are present in the rose or around it, but they are not all that it suggests because from each context come reverberations enriching the symbol as it in turn enriches its context. The value of a symbol, said Yeats, is this richness or indefiniteness of reference which makes it far more mysterious and potent than allegory with its single meaning. A hundred men, he continued, would advance a hundred different meanings for the same symbol; for "no symbol tells all its meaning" to any man.

These interpretations of symbolism and of the power of the imagination, which was the same thing to him, are to be found in his edition of Blake's *Prophetic Books* (1893), in his essays on Shelley, "Symbolism in Painting" and "The Autumn of the Body," and in his introduction to *A Book of Images* (1898) by W. T. Horton, a fellow adept. The symbol, says Yeats in the last of these essays, gives "dumb things voices, and bodiless things bodies."

The Wind Among the Reeds (1899) does exactly this. Reviewing this book,

Arthur Symons hailed it as a triumph of symbolist indirection. Through the swooning, luscious diction, the musical, individual rhythms, the harmonies and overtones, and the interaction of many traditional but mysterious images each poem becomes the symbol of an unstated idea or mood. Although Yeats employed description and statement more lavishly than the French were accustomed to do, this book is closer in feeling and method to the works of the French symbolists than any other which appeared in England in the nineties. It resembles these works not because it is indebted to them but because, coming from the same revolt against matter and surface, it is parallel to them.

Some of the plays of William Butler Yeats resemble those of the French symbolist stage not only because they are also transcendental reactions against the realistic stage but because he had Villiers and Maeterlinck in mind when he wrote them. The debt of *The Shadowy Waters* to Villiers is clear. *The Countess Kathleen* (1892), however, which has all the atmosphere of Maeterlinck, was written before Yeats knew of him. It is difficult to say what part of Yeats' other plays comes from the French and what from the so-called Celtic twilights or the English romantic tradition.

The poems of *The Wind Among the Reeds* and the earlier poems owe part of their richness and depth to something apart from the conscious use of occult symbols and wavering rhythms. Like Rimbaud, Yeats had discovered a way to evade the interference of his intellect and to explore his unconscious in search of symbols. Rimbaud had done this by a systematic derangement of the senses through drugs, fatigue, and depravity. Yeats, who was far too prudent for such excesses, found in the occult a way of doing the same thing. Inclined by nature to waking visions and trances in which he saw wonderful things, Yeats found that through the use of ritual and hypnotic symbols he could enjoy deeper and more effectual trances in which new images swam before his eyes. Magic, by putting his active intellect to sleep, permitted him to secure for his poems the wealth of his unconscious. Naturally he tried to give these floating images an occult value, but this did not prevent them from carrying with them to his poems, whatever his conscious intention, the richness of man's deepest reality. Like Rimbaud, then, and with the aid of Rimbaud's tutor, Eliphas Lévi, Yeats discovered a poetic territory which had been neglected in England except by occasional madmen since the time of William Blake. Yeats differs from Rimbaud, however, in the formal, conscious patterns he forced upon his images.

In the second part of *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889) Yeats tells of his hero's battle on an island in the sea with an elderly demon who keeps a lady in a cave. This episode, Yeats told Katherine Tynan, came to him in a kind of vision, which plagued him night and day, and left him in a state of collapse. "Under the guise of symbolism," he told her, "I have said several things to which I only have the key." The story, he continued, was for the common reader who would remain unaware of the symbolism, yet "the whole poem is full of symbols." Aware that these unconscious symbols would bear neither an occult nor a legendary explanation, Yeats seems in this letter to Katherine Tynan, written long before Freud commenced his study of such symbols, to

apprehend some part of their significance in his life with father.

From his interest in semi-conscious vision, Yeats was led by his occult interests to examine his dreams for their occult meaning and for poetic themes and images. "The Cap and Bells" (1899) is, he assures us, a dream recorded exactly as he dreamed it. Here the images of queen, garment, hair, cap and bells, door, window, and the colors red and green would have interested Dr. Freud, who loved the literary exploitation of the unconscious.* Yeats says in a note that this poem meant much to him, but, as with all symbolic poems, its meaning was never twice the same. Dr. Freud could have delivered him from these ambiguities. The first two stanzas of "The Song of Wandering Aengus" (1899) are obviously another dream, which is rationalized in the third stanza. The change of fish into girl is dream material. The images of wand, stream, berry, and fire are from man's sleeping consciousness. But the sun, moon, and apple of the third stanza are conscious occult symbols meaning intellect, imagination, and the tree of good and evil. Aengus was introduced afterwards to impart an Irish significance to the mysterious and lovely poem.

After 1900 Yeats' poetry became colder, plainer, and more classical until in its "lofty severe quality" it came to resemble the poetry of Baudelaire. Feeling left the surface and vibrated beneath it. Far from following Baudelaire, still further from following Jean Moréas and Henri de Régnier who had turned to a kind of hardness before him, Yeats was responding bitterly to circumstance and self. The satiric and occasional poetry of the 1910 period, however, appeared symbolist to George Moore, who was unable to get Paris out of his head. In *Vale* Moore speaks of a poem Yeats wrote about a house. "What house?" Moore asks. "Mallarmé could not be darker than this," and he adds, Yeats and Mallarmé, had they ever met, would have "got on famously." But Moore, as usual, was exaggerating. The only indirection or obscurity of "Upon a House Shaken by the Land Agitation" is Yeats' failure to mention Coole Park.

After 1917 Yeats returned more or less to symbolism, retaining nobility of tone and classical surface, and with this return came greater obscurity. Dissatisfied with the Golden Dawn, Yeats announced in *A Vision* (1925) an occult system of his own. One of the daemons who had dictated this system to Mrs. Yeats informed her husband of its purpose: "We have come," he said, "to give you metaphors for poetry." Yeats used them in many of the poems he wrote between 1917 and 1935, but although these images belong to a private system, they are more public than those he had used in the nineties.

Some of the later poems, such as "The Double Vision of Michael Robartes," which refers to the first and fifteenth phases of the moon, are unintelligible without reference to *A Vision,* which Yeats wrote to help readers through poems like this. "Byzantium" remains an enigma even with the help of *A Vision* and of several explications; for although it has every appearance of unity and although such images as the dome are readily intelligible, other images and their connections and references are as obscure as those of Mallarmé. In

* I am indebted to the unpublished study of Yeats' unconscious by Morton Seiden, a graduate student at Columbia.

Yeats such privacy is uncommon. "Leda and the Swan" springs from the system, but it has an easy surface and an emotional impact which permit the unsubtle reader to enjoy it. Like those of Mallarmé, this poem, however, is symbolist in the sense that the manifest level is there to suggest unstated themes: the union of matter and spirit, of god and man, of Dove and Virgin, and all the cycles of history which begin with these unnatural conjunctions. In like manner "The Saint and the Hunchback," which has a dramatic, comprehensible level, implies three attitudes toward life symbolized by the saint, the hunchback, and Alcibiades, the last of whom stands for that aristocratic wholeness toward which Yeats aspired.

"The Delphic Oracle upon Plotinus," a gay, preposterous, and very successful poem, filled with mysterious overtones, concerns the philosopher Plotinus, swimming though boisterous waves toward a shore where Plato, Minos, Pythagoras, Rhadamanthus, and the choir of love await him. This poem seems to be not only symbolist but surrealist. As the title suggests, however, the author is not Yeats but the Delphic oracle, who composed the poem in Greek a long time ago. Using Stephen MacKenna's translation (in his edition of Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus*), Yeats in turn translated MacKenna's English into poetry. I give part of the Latin version by Marcilio Ficino because it is plainer to more people than the original Greek and because, unlike MacKenna's version, it is not copyrighted:

> *Aurei generis magni Jovis ubi agitant*
> *Minos et Rhadamanthus fratres: ubi justus*
> *Aeacus: ubi Plato, sacra vis: ubi pulcher*
> *Pythagoras, et quicunque chorum statuerunt amoris . . .*

By suppressing much and by selecting such beauties as the "golden race" and the "choir of love," Yeats made of this indifferent stuff the stuff of poetry. As for its meaning, the Delphic oracle, according to Porphyry, intended her symbols to imply the journey of Plotinus through the chaos of time and death to the Elysian fields. Her symbols of sea and island attracted Yeats, whose unconscious had persistently offered them to him; and also, like Milton, he was unable to resist the richness of polysyllabic names, especially those of Pythagoras and Plotinus who were among his favorite adepts. No doubt the swimming of Plotinus toward his shore had a very personal significance to Yeats, not unlike that of the voyage to Byzantium, to the island of Innisfree, or to the Land of Youth.

These symbolic poems, which seem at first so French, owe little or nothing to the French. But many of the later poems, "Among School Children," for example, and "Sailing to Byzantium," have a tight logical structure and a dependence upon statement rarely found in French symbolist verse. Until the very end where the symbols of chestnut tree and dancer represent unity of being, "Among School Children" is classical in method, not symbolist, and its difficulties are those of any compressed, coherent whole of thought and feeling. The misprint in stanza six may be responsible, of course, for some confusion,

but "golden-thighed" which glimmers so strangely in the same stanza is only a classical epithet applied to Pythagoras by Plutarch in the life of Numa Pompilius.

Yeats' poems are rarely as transcendental as they seem. Whatever their occult bearing, they are also personal and worldly. In his most dramatic poems, those on Aengus or on the saint and hunchback for instance, Yeats had his own problems in mind. Whatever his romantic contempt of the world, it was never as thorough as that of Mallarmé, who saw the world merely as a store of symbols for something else. Even in his Rosicrucian days Yeats wanted to reconcile world and spirit and to integrate himself with world and spirit. His symbols, like his mask, gave him a way to do this. By their triple reference to self, world, and spirit they achieve on the aesthetic plane a unity of being impossible in life.

BARBARA BELLOW:

Poem

Heroes are deaf when dead. Held in the hands
of someone whose heretical dreams are burning
life in his empty heart like candles yearning
to mention the love the living to the dead
bear, they have not the smallest power to hear.

Live him a litany whom I loved and love
for managing anonymously to give
more than another name would dare to have.
Live them a litany, you free priests,
and shield their tempting hearts from the wild beasts.
In all they live in give them your late love.
Give them my hand and I who live above
the ground will late at night visit their deep
hearts with gigantic folly and wise sleep,
and wait for what will come to mate their power
and wait for what will come to flower their fate
like frayed fingered bouquets on children's graves
beautiful with mutilated praise.

AGNES W. MACDONALD:

Reunion in America

Mr. Sterling was on his way to the St. Paul Union Station. He looked out of the streetcar window and realized for some dozenth time that day that it was August again—the sixth August—since he had gone to Euston Station in London and met—No, he didn't meet her; he missed her, in spite of his faultless preparation. And it wasn't this Miss Dalton that he had gone to meet. Miss Dalton was not the kind of woman you missed. Indeed was she one you could escape? Anyway, he didn't want to miss her today because whereas six years ago Miss Jeannie Knowles had led him to her, today—he hoped—Miss Dalton was to lead him to Jeannie Knowles. Just to meet and then—he could perceive no opposition, except that his furlough was not so long as his holiday had been. He didn't anticipate beginning at the beginning again; he would see her in her own home and not as a guest in Miss Dalton's flat; and—he was wearing the uniform of His Majesty's officer, a new uniform too. He smoothed its lapels and sat back. Annie, his sister, whom he had come to visit, had called it "graund" reverting to her old-country combination of pride and accent.

He had always been fond of Annie, and he really had meant during all those years of engineering in London to come over here to Minnesota at least once to visit her. Since the war had brought him to Canada, she had been urging him to come on furlough. Last month she had foresightedly written to engage him for an American Thanksgiving. He had replied with his usual caution that if he could get away that soon he would come. And then—suddenly—two weeks ago, after that undreamed-of summons from Miss Dalton, he had sent a letter—sent it express—saying he had arranged a week and she had replied in their native idiom, "Haste ye on."

Now he was here. And if he did see Jeannie the way he hoped, he would forget the past inconveniences of Miss Dalton's pursuit. Was she really flexible and kind after all? Perhaps he was through her being allotted another trial with Jeannie.

At the moment there was just one drawback: he needed sleep. His furlough had followed a month of unremitting duty; his journey from Winnipeg had been sleepless and Annie and her husband had kept him talking until the small hours of the morning. He himself would have let all the talk wait for a day or two; as soon as he had learned the approximate route to Mrs. Knowles's home and heard that Annie continued to be friendly with the family (though she never saw them now) he was ready to get to bed.

This morning Annie had remembered seeing in the paper that both Mr. and Mrs. Knowles had gone to some camp in Texas to see their sons but she didn't know about the two girls—oh, of course they must be at home if they were having this woman from London.

"So they stayed in her flat in London?" she had asked suddenly in the midst of her remembering. "It's a braw feast o' memories you'll be enjoyin'. And is it the London person or one of Mrs. Knowles's daughters you'd be interested in seein' most? Jeannie was a fair lass six years ago—and she will be yet. I mind hearing something about her not so long ago—I just can't remember what."

He was sure Annie would have remembered a wedding. Mrs. Knowles had befriended her years ago when she came a bride from Edinburgh and it was to repay some of that kindness that she had written to him to do something nice for the two daughters when they visited London . . .

He would never forget that fortnight. The weather . . . this fine, soft afternoon was so like it. It was just around this time of day too that he had set out for Euston Station to meet the Flying Scotsman. This train that Miss Dalton was coming on today was due—? He took out her letter, flattening it out into one stiff sheet. Her writing was too individual, but he could always read it more easily and without perplexity when she wrote in a hurry on this thick paper. That tissuey stuff he connected with her reminiscent-prophetic mood at its most dangerous stage. He could not always follow her.

It seemed that simultaneously with writing this present letter, she had been reading a message from someone in the Knowles family telling her *of course* to come on down to St. Paul (she was in Toronto for the duration) and They trusted They could recognize her after the six-year intermission. His eyesight had become promptly inadequate at that sentence. He couldn't figure out whether that was *Mary* or *They* that she had scrawled. She used capitals so unreasonably. He couldn't possibly make it into Jeannie, and after due consideration he could not really trust it to be *Mary,* for he believed that Miss Dalton, in spite of her avowed conversion to utter democracy, would still use the Victorian "Miss" Mary . . . She was tired of the digs where she had been installed by the English family whose children she had been guiding for ten months without respite. They were all off on a fortnight's holiday and she had decided to "accept" the invitation of long standing issued by the Scottish aunt of "those two American girls I had in London That summer—when You and I first Met. Their dear aunt in Scotland once told me that I ought to experience their hospitality some day. So I applied for a Sample, and my Letter has been so very graciously answered . . . " She did not say who answered it . . . he thought of another handwriting . . . "I am to reach St. Paul—" Yes, he had the time right, 5:19. It was only three o'clock now. Of course he believed in getting to places early, but this was prodigal. He would spend the interim watching for one of the—well, watching.

At the Union Station he found a bank-holiday swarm, against an ironic background of wartime. Undiverted, he noted the key spots of his terrain and then found a point of vantage for observation. At 4:15 he was "prepared." An hour on a station bench was but a wink of time against the continuous cinema of wartime life. The station congregations chasséed. The warm air needed refreshing . . . You could get a bit dizzy amid these sway-operatic crowds. Who were leaving? Who arriving? Another troop train came in . . . A spon-

taneous young woman, synonymous in slacks and flour-sack headcloth with any number of others clotting the exits and entrances, had got off her job to meet *her* guy she was telling someone yards away, and she had missed him she was betting all she had. She looked frantically from exit to concourse, again and again. Then, spying some uniformed figure like scores of others, she yelled toward her confidante off in the concourse, "Oh, here he comes back, Rita. He's here! There! (pointing with staccato stabs toward the exit) Goodbye." She met her guy as unreservedly as she had dramatized her dilemma. Mr. Sterling recrossed his legs tolerantly and looked away from all motion and waited, remembering.

2.

In August, 1938, in London, Mr. Sterling was a mild-appearing, deliberative man in the middle thirties. It seemed as if he never felt anything so very keenly and as if it would take a revolution to alter his routine. His manner was such that whether he was mingling in a crowd or going by himself he never seemed hurried or uncertain. If taken unawares he no doubt could think on the spot, but in what one might by a stretch of meaning have called his domestic and social life, he never needed to jump to a conclusion or act impulsively. He simply went into everything directly but not hastily. One couldn't help thinking that habitual preparedness like his must preclude from life the spice of excitement.

His clothes were as inconspicuous and as permanent in style as his manner. Bowler hat, dark brown suit with white shirt, black or brown shoes with squarish toes, the kind that have a big smooth, hard-looking bump over the great toe. He did vary his ties occasionally because he didn't buy all of them himself. Sometimes he got a bright one for Christmas from "one of the boys" —who were the three other men who also lived in digs at Mrs. Matters' place; and sometimes Mrs. Matters gave him a tie.

He was short, for a man, and sturdy. His hands were like that too, with the fingers inclined to be stubby. But they could manipulate dexterously delicate bits of things like tiny parts of machinery or pieces of a jig-saw puzzle or the fastener of Mrs. Matters' pearl necklace.

His hair was short too. He kept it that way because he was used to it and without excessive attention it became freakish at a normal manly length. It was too curly, he thought. He was right about the curliness; it fuzzed comically just after he'd had a haircut. He didn't think much about his appearance any more—about its possibilities, that is. He just followed his pattern of ten years or so, and no one tried to revise him.

Now, as he hastened out of Euston, he looked as if he had been taken unawares. He glanced over the crowds still waiting to fill up the approaching train of big London buses that were swinging around near the exits, and without deliberating he hailed a cab.

There had been such an unexpected exodus from the Flying Scotsman that he had developed a jumpiness over the possibility of missing the young lady he

had come to meet. He had come, calmly prepared to spot her the minute she passed through the platform gates where he stood watching closely for a young woman obviously alone and American; and when no more travelers came by he peered re-searchingly after the crowds spreading fan-like in the street beyond the station exits.

He was certain about the train, for he had made a special note of it when he received her letter. He felt his left breast distrustfully for a second; yes, he had brought the letters with him. He had thought of how well the time of her arrival and the period of her stay in London fitted in with his own program. He had the habit of planning his weeks more than his days because he was an engineer who took on contracts running a week or a fortnight or six weeks or maybe months, and between jobs he could take a holiday when and if he wanted to. He had remembered that he was to finish with Judson and Rye on Wednesday and she had said Friday, August 19, for two weeks. Being so methodical and devoted to detailed preparedness, he had even made a note of her telephone number on her envelope. He always did this kind of thing. It was the cause really of his usual unhurried, mild manner.

Puzzled as he was by the young woman's failure to appear, without realizing that he had not considered at all what kind of person might answer his call, he had telephoned to her address at once and asked whether Miss Jeannie Knowles was there. She was there—answering the phone herself—apparently all ready to speak to him.

"Is this Mr. Sterling?" she had asked before he had recovered enough to say hello or how do you do. Her voice made him feel light and relieved and quite welcome. She had a lovely voice.

"I was hoping you would call soon. Can you come out, Mr. Sterling? I came two days early—quite unexpectedly. I hope you'll come out. Come now."

He was not used to talking with young women who were pretty, as she was sure to be with a voice like that. It put the logical questions to ask out of his mind.

Of course he would go out though. He had planned to take her out there in a cab. But oh she had never expected him to meet her train. She would explain why she had come early.

"Do come out now, Mr. Sterling," she repeated.

So he had decided on the cab for himself.

About eighteen minutes to St. Mark's Road, he figured quickly. And No. 1 Pelfield Gardens would be one street beyond that. He possessed a vast fund of detailed knowledge of urban and suburban London. He had not just heard of places; he knew how to get to them.

In the cab he could check things in those letters; you never knew how a bus would incommode you.

"1 Pelfield Gardens," he told the cab driver. "It's out Kensington—one street beyond St. Mark's Road."

"Righto, sir," said the man.

Mr. Sterling sorted out from papers in his vest pocket two letters. He opened the one from Annie, his sister in America, who had written purposely to tell him about Mrs. Knowles's daughters. "It's their first time across and they are going to London of course. They are going to visit an aunt in Glasgow . . . Be nice to them and show them London . . . Their mother was very kind to me when I came over here . . . I have told them you know London like a book and I gave them your address . . . Show them some of the places in old books. They like books."

"They like books"—that was not just specific but somehow that had made him think Miss Knowles would be quiet and genteel like the people Annie would be sure to make friends with.

He scanned the rest of the letter again. No; he was sure of it. It didn't say how old the daughters were or anything like that. Annie never wrote more than she thought essential. This was a long letter for her. But he wished she'd written more. She had a very affectionate nature, and he had always been fond of her. She was always going to write oftener but didn't get around to it. She had not written for months before; so she must like the girls' mother a lot.

Well, he had been surprised when he got the letter from Miss Knowles because you never could tell whether people would write to the addresses other people gave them or not. He thought maybe she was lonesome, but her handwriting didn't look like a lonesome person's.

He read her letter over now. It was on folded paper and written on the pages as they came. She didn't turn the paper in different directions the way Annie did. It was brief. "Dear Mr. Sterling." Inexplicably he wished for a passing moment that he could be reading "Darling Archie" in quick, bright handwriting like that.

She was coming down to London on the Scotsman on Friday, August 19, alone, for a fortnight. The Glasgow weather had been dourly bad, and now her sister had the mumps. So her aunt was sending her to a one-time traveling acquaintance of hers, Miss Cassie Dalton, 1 Pelfield Gardens. She would be glad to see him if he could call. His sister had given her his address. "She says you know all of London." He had concluded from this part of her note that she and her friends would appreciate a guide. He had thought too that maybe her aunt got her to write; her letter didn't read the way her voice sounded.

He returned it to his pocket gently and leaned back in the cab. He thought about the places he could take her—and her aunt, or rather this other woman. The usual tours planned for tourists might be best to begin with—Trafalgar Square, The Tower, The British Museum, Buckingham Palace. And maybe she would know some places she'd like to have him find for her. Then he thought of what he'd like to do. He was so fond of music; he even played an accordion. Of course he wouldn't play his accordion for her, but he would like to take her to some of the musical plays. There was one with pretty music and lots of dancing, at the Alhambra. He wondered whether she liked music and dancing. He used to like dancing, but he had not danced for about a decade—not since he went into digs. He hadn't had a girl in all that time.

Reggie was the only one of the quartet at Mrs. Matters' who had a girl. He went out with her often and was going to marry her before long. Mr. Sterling would miss Reggie, who used to ask Archie to go with him and his girl and said they would get him a girl, but he never went. He was always too busy with some job. They all enjoyed Reggie's romancing, but Mrs. Matters never encouraged any of her other three. She would say they were past that now. They didn't like her to say it at first, but they got used to it after a few years of repetition.

Mr. Sterling was nice to Mrs. Matters, took her in things—like what he might have taken to his girl; but with other women—especially the light, easy, pretty ones—he felt shy. He didn't especially care for Mrs. Matters' type; it was too much the managing kind—to have for a girl, that is—but it was the only kind he met any more. None of them had voices like Miss Knowles.

No. 1 Pelfield Gardens looked a nice, three-story flat building on the corner. Reading the names of the residents posted beside the front door, Mr. Sterling learned that Miss Cassandra Dalton occupied the top flat. So he opened the door and went into a paneled hall painted gray, that had several closed doors in it and a steep stairway going up one side. It was the kind of hall that nobody did anything to make attractive because all tenants used it. When he had gone up the first flight of stairs he could not see the front door any more.

The next flight curved slightly and had soft rubber corduroy pads on them. As he was rounding the curve, he heard one of those noticeably cultured voices calling, "Come right on, up here. I won't come down. I've been off my feet all day. It's just awe-ful! To be surprised this way when one is without a dependable servant. I got one today at last. But Miss Jean did not mention you until after you had phoned. Oh, dear."

The voice was, of course, Miss Dalton's.

She was a little, dark, squatty woman with bright eyes, and she had on a hardy-looking plain blue dress that resembled a coat and was badly in need of pressing. She limped conspicuously as she preceded him into the flat, toward a divan where she had evidently been ensconced. While she returned to it and frankly prepared to rearrange herself with one flannel-bound leg raised on it, he looked about for Miss Knowles and saw close to the divan a small table on which were a kind of miniature chest—containing, he could just discern by the economical light, dingy jewelry—several bracelets, rings, necklaces, and earrings—and several letters that were very obviously not of current age. Was this woman re-reading her past correspondence? And where was she keeping Miss Knowles? He only noticed that it was some kind of big shawl Miss Dalton was spreading over her thickish legs, but she evidently took his preoccupation for unspoken question, for she explained in an answering tone that it was a real India shawl, that she had grown up in India where her father was an army officer and she had never really got used to being without servants galore. When Mr. Sterling stated that he had spent a year or two in India and knew the place, she seemed to imbibe a little vitality with his statements, but he didn't

hear her when she begged to know whether he had ever had any contact with Sir Stanley Addison there, because a distant noise drew his immediate attention.

"Oh, that's dear Miss Jean," said Miss Dalton. "I sent her for my other glasses and she is probably looking in the wrong places. The servant problem is awe-ful. I promised to read her letters I've had again and again from foreign girls I've taken into my flat or guided over Europe. So now you'll hear them too. Oh, you did find them, Miss Jean, while I have been looking after Mr. Sterling. It was him like you thought."

Mr. Sterling appeared unusually mild as he watched and listened to Miss Jean Knowles, but inside he was deeply disquieted. In this dim room she was like a light. Everything about her was light and free and easy. Her hair matched her voice—soft and airy and golden. She smiled often; whenever she talked her face was animated. She talked to him freely and informally. He supposed it was the American way. You might think a girl acting like this showed a partiality for you. Mr. Sterling would like to have known how much there was to that idea. His first surprise when he heard her voice over the telephone was turning into wonder.

But he kept his feet on the ground. And it was Miss Dalton who helped him to, though she could never have guessed it. To him, at first, she seemed only a sterner version of Mrs. Matters. He found it quite easy to talk with her, though he did not especially want to.

"Tell me," she croaked from the divan, "did you go to the station *before* phoning?"

She got the preliminaries of this meeting straightened out step by step. Through numerous "tell me's" she learned also the essentials of Mr. Sterling's background, the one of particular interest being that he had lived for a few years in India.

The mention again of that land reminded her of the harassing servant problem. She had had a week's supply of cutlery and dishes piled in her kitchen when Miss Jean arrived because, trying to wipe around her own place she had slipped on those awe-ful stairs without a railing and twisted her ankle. Mr. Sterling probably noticed those new rubber pads. She had phoned the landlord and insisted on some kind of protection. And, deprived of a servant and the use of her ankle, she was doomed to uncleanliness until Miss Jean came: she had only a few coppers and anyway she could not climb up to drop coins into the gas meter—and so—

"Tell me," said Miss Dalton suddenly as if deciding to let someone else have a turn, "do you have this problem in America?"

Mr. Sterling had been arranging a new confidence within himself as he listened to Miss Dalton and watched Miss Jean.

"I don't think the problem's quite this bad," said Jean. Only her blue eyes laughed; and they laughed naturally.

Miss Dalton was slightly disconcerted. She worked her ankle under the India shawl as if it were a puppet. Then she reached out to the tipsy pile of opened letters on the little table, saying, "I must read you some of these—and

show you some. I've had scores of them."

She read flattering passages from letters composed by foreign girls whom she had harbored and instructed in London.

"If you know French, my dear, but—" and she folded that one up.

"Here's one in Italian." This one she handed over.

Jean smiled and glanced at the writing. "It's Greek to me."

One a dear, dear German girl had written in English. Miss Dalton passed her that one.

"I've studied German, a little," said Jean. But evidently a little was not enough; the bi-lingual style seemed to bewilder her, for she returned the pages with an enigmatic glow toward Mr. Sterling.

"Well, every one expresses some particular gratitude, you see," concluded Miss Dalton gathering untidily the pile of soiled letters. She replaced the collection of dingy jewelry in the chest and pressed the letters in on top and clamped down the lid. Carefully, she lowered one leg down from the divan, mourning, "This leg has tied me down awe-fully—though we were beginning to talk about starting out tomorrow in a taxi—Remember, my dear?"

"That was on Wednesday—remember?" Miss Knowles answered. But she did not permit Miss Dalton long to remember back that far; she took advantage of this lag in the quizzing. "You won't need to hurry your ankle—if Mr. Sterling," she smiled at him questioningly. "Are you quite free to take a holiday, Mr. Sterling? You see I came early with some friends of my aunt's and I've been waiting—"

"Yours for a fortnight," said Mr. Sterling, promptly. It didn't sound like himself answering.

"No more marking time for mumps and sprained ankles then."

"But, my dear young lady, I said we would star—"

"Oh, yes; I know," Jean assured her. "I just mean I can't be sure that something isn't going to happen to Mr. Sterling now—his glands or his business or —something."

Mr. Sterling could speak positively now. And he did. He was a man who made plans and persisted in them. So it was arranged that he should call for Miss Knowles in the morning and take her to begin London.

He went away feeling suddenly developed, delightfully astonished. He never would have imagined meeting a young lady like this one through his sister Annie. For a fortnight he would have a new interest in life, away from contracts. He pictured himself actually sharing the company of a feminine lady. He would show her London. He thought it was all right that Miss Dalton had turned her ankle.

The next ten days were different from any in the last ten years of Mr. Sterling's life. Reggie and the other boys pulled his leg a lot while Mrs. Matters pouted with an awkward coyness about being neglected. None of them knew just what Mr. Sterling was doing except that he was showing an American lady around London and that he was wearing a new flat type of sport shoe and the

red tie Reggie had given him one Christmas—and was forgetting to have his regular haircut.

"I saw you in Portman Square about 5:30," said Henry. "With a proper dark-haired woman on your arm. She likes you I don't doubt. But she's no American lady."

"No; she's not the one."

"The one, is it?" chipped in big Joe.

Mrs. Matters was silent. Her attitude then was somewhere between sulkiness and rebellion.

The truth was that after three days of nursing her ankle on the divan and waiting for the return of Miss Jean and Mr. Sterling, Miss Dalton had decided to join them as the legitimate duenna of the girl and as the contemporary of the engineer. She required no invitation. She simply got ready and announced that she was going too. Of course she slowed up the tempo of the outings. Miss Jean stepped lightly and lively, and Mr. Sterling was learning her pace. They hopped on and off buses, swung along parkway or embankment, climbed mountains of stairs nimbly, poked or flew through curio shops, caught the subway or excursion train at a gasp. Miss Dalton put the brakes on. First, she required a cab for every appreciable distance—and Mr. Sterling's help getting in and out. Then, she relaxed somewhat on the cabs but leaned more on Mr. Sterling's arm. Jean got to going on ahead.

"You're like a child, my dear. Go on, if you like. We'll make up on you. I like to see you stepping on ahead."

Mr. Sterling didn't like it so well—indeed he didn't like it at all, but he was a polite man and sympathetic, and he didn't see how he could help letting Miss Jean go on. He thought about her all the time now, even when he appeared attentive to Miss Dalton by his side.

"Tell me, didn't you really ever know Sir Stanley Addison in India?" that solid lady asked as they moved along slowly through Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, one of which resembled Sir Addison. She referred often to the fact that she and Mr. Sterling both had lived in India. She worked it into a genuine tie between them. He was trying at that moment to keep an eye on Miss Jean. Was she talking with a stranger? Or was that—yes, it was just that figure. He was out of his wonder by now and in a state of disquiet again.

It was not just Miss Dalton's weight of body and speech that distressed him. It was more Miss Jean's bland acceptance of this interruption in their idyllic companionship. She had got him interested in her—and in himself: he looked at himself in the mirror now when he got home at night. She had asked if his hair was naturally curly and chided him for not giving it a chance to wave. She moved her fingers quickly and lightly over his head to show him. "Like that," she said, making waves. She took hold of his hand when they crossed a crowded street; he liked that. It made him feel young too. The feeling of her soft fingers made him realize how firm his own hands were. Now he was anchored to Miss Dalton.

Jean would fall back to them occasionally with laughing eyes and a light

quip and she would now and then ask Miss Dalton sweetly whether she wanted a cup of tea and she would sometimes ask him a question about location. But she never tried to say anything trivial expressly to him because he had acquired a special understanding and intimacy. He was really disappointed.

When they would get back to the flat for dinner and the newest maid usually was not ready, Miss Dalton sent Mr. Sterling down to buy ices from the man who carried them in the street below. Once he came back with a bunch of zinnias he bought from the flower cart on the corner because he thought they were so bright and gay and he hoped Miss Jean would open the door as she had the other times he had gone down for the ices. But she wasn't at the door or in the parlor even. Only Miss Dalton reaching out possessively for ices and flowers and crying, "Oh, you thoughtful man!"

They sat down to eat and Miss Dalton gushed over the zinnias again. "Aren't they awe-fully sweet," she declared.

"They make the brightest spots in Indian summer at home," said Jean serenely. "We call them old maids."

Mr. Sterling wondered whether she meant anything by that.

Miss Dalton went on dividing the cold salmon.

At first Miss Dalton had told dear Miss Jean to skip down like a fairy for the ices, and the next time Mr. Sterling insisted on following her, and then they had gone together and taken their time and he had helped her up the stairs and she had laughed saying he must think she was Miss Dalton, which made him feel embarrassed, and Miss Dalton accused them of taking too long and forgetting about her waiting to cut into the meat pie or something else, and so she had something different for Miss Jean to do while kind Mr. Sterling hurried down to get the ices and then she began to have pudding instead of ices.

Mr. Sterling was happy and yet he was growing less happy instead of more so. The fortnight was flying past and Miss Mary in Glasgow was recovering from the mumps and was coming soon and he wasn't ever seeing Miss Jean alone now—and she didn't appear to mind. Once she even excused herself from sitting with him and Miss Dalton, who was begging him to tell her about the building of the Crystal Palace, while she wrote a note to somebody. When she came back into the dim room and sat on a hassock quite near him, he felt relieved and pleased and knew that his own voice lilted noticeably to himself. She just listened till he stopped and then she said, "I'd like to have a glass house."

And Miss Dalton said, "You Americans want such funny things, my dear. Now we'd never think of anything so frivolous over here, would we?" She was bound to strengthen the bond of taste between them.

This time he only answered, "I'm afraid I couldn't have thought of it or I would have."

The next morning when he came he had a little china house that you took the roof off to fill it with marmalade or jam.

"It's not glass—but we may pick up a glass one," he said.

Jean had it in her hands admiring it and saying it was a charming little thing

and many thanks if it was meant for her.

It was, he said, just for her.

Miss Dalton was not quite ready that morning. She was still winding a flannel bandage around her ankle in case it was too soon to trust to her own strength.

And in another day or two Mr. Sterling appeared to be losing more of his natural mildness and sympathy and to be thinking a great deal more than one should on a fortnight's holiday. Besides, he seemed a little impatient without reason: Miss Jean was as fair and as bright and as free and easy as ever; Miss Dalton managed their itineraries adroitly and was improving in looks and temper; only he seemed inharmonious.

One night he wrote for tickets to "Waltzes from Vienna" at the Alhambra—the musical show he had told Miss Jean about on their first excursion before the adoption of Miss Dalton. She had said she'd love it—going to see the Waltzes. And he had said they'd go. Now he did a bold and unsympathetic thing and he did it without letting himself deliberate and turn unselfish. He wrote for two tickets. And he resolved to act—on the spur of the moment when they came. The tickets were for Friday of the second week.

That morning Mrs. Matters had trouble with her electric washer and he tried to fix it for her in a hurry, which was not according to his custom; he found he couldn't hurry, that it would require an hour or two for repair; he phoned the flat to explain his delay.

The maid had said, "I think it's the gentleman."

And so Miss Dalton had claimed the phone and sympathized and advised and insisted that he could come just as well after lunch, which he did.

And when he arrived he found that Miss Jean had received a message from her sister saying that she was traveling suddenly and alone because their aunt's maid now had the mumps and their aunt was going to stay by her through the first of them.

"It's just a chapter of accidents or a comedy of errors," said Miss Dalton smoothing her ankle and twisting it testily. "I sent Miss Jean in on the bus. We depend so much on you, Mr. Sterling, and we don't want to impose on you to that extent. I told Miss Jean we don't do that with our men over here." She smiled the remnant of a coaxing smile. He tried to imagine their conference, but his vision of Miss Jean was elusive.

He spent the afternoon in the dimmer than usual parlor of the flat—it had become cavernous. Miss Dalton served tea when he came and was looking her own very best and brightest and she really found a great deal for them to talk about, but Mr. Sterling could keep up only his naturally mild appearance of interest until she began to talk about Americans and their curious ways and then this particular young lady American that they both took around with them. She divined that Miss Jean had a sweetheart. She got mail every day—from somewhere. She always ran to take in the mail.

"From her aunt about the mumps," said Mr. Sterling.

"Something more than that, I foresee," spouted his hostess. "She's always so

light and happy—but so silent about why."

"Maybe that's her nature. She was that way the first night I came." He did not want any sweetheart—but of course Miss Dalton might be trying to tell him something if he was not too obtuse to get it.

By dinner time he felt miserable because of the conversation and because Miss Jean and her sister did not come—and because he had those tickets and there were only two.

"They should be here," he said.

"Maybe they are looking around; Miss Jean knows the business sections now." Miss Dalton looked over the dinner table. "Just go down for ices for us two," she said, and Mr. Sterling started down the rubber-padded stairs slowly.

Someone was down below on the first flight. He felt his heart leap up oddly, and his face he knew was betraying his revival. He waited a moment.

"Set the bag down a minute, Jean. There. Is Archie here now?"

"I don't call him Archie, I tell you. You—! He's not goodlooking, Mary, but he could be, and he was awe-fully swell to me when I was ready to explode here, and he's kind and sympathetic to Miss Dalton—and I think—well, he's sort of—nice and thinks of things—not kiddish. But I think maybe now he likes *her*. She gets so excited about him, and I can't do that. I feel sorry for her anyway—the witch. Besides, he never makes a point of seeing me alone."

"And you like him. You think he's sort of—"

"Well—oh, I don't know. Come on up anyway."

"There's someone coming down. I th—"

"Miss Dalton probably sending the maid down for an ice."

Dinner proceeded quite brightly, with Miss Dalton often apologizing to Mary for their easy ways. It was later than usual when she said, "Now tonight we just have ices. We occasionally have ices in this warm weather, Miss Mary. But Mr. Sterling will need to go after two more. He got his and mine up just before you came."

"Oh, but I didn't get them up. Jean and her sister were here before I could get started, you know." He defended his neglect, looking directly at Miss Dalton.

Miss Mary said that was right. He thought her advent into this situation very timely.

"I'll go down right now," he said. "Vanilla, two chocolates, and—Mary?" (She had called him Archie on the stairs.) "Chocolate too, Oke." Such boldness made him feel chipper.

"It may be too late. The man is usually passed by this time," complained Miss Dalton.

But Mr. Sterling went on down and wandered light-headedly about. When he did return, he had three bunches of flowers.

"Did you get them?" called Miss Dalton from the parlor.

"What?—oh, no; I didn't. He was gone, but I brought these instead." He held out the flowers: zinnias he handed to Miss Dalton who exclaimed with delight, "Again!" Pansies he extended to Mary, whose eyes spoke. Little roses

to Jean, who just became more charming.

"Now, we'll need three vases," said Miss Dalton. "Let me see." She started haltingly out to the kitchen and in a minute they heard her calling, "Mr. Sterling, will you come please? It's just too high. Mr. Sterling! Will you—?"

"I guess she wants something lifted down," said Mary. "I'll help her. You just go right ahead, Mr. Sterling."

Thus directed, he went right over to Jean and said, "I have our tickets for the show, Jean, for the Waltzes. Two tickets—just for you and me."

And he sat on the arm of the stuffy old chair to show them to her and she looked at the tickets and smiled up at him with the added allure of surprise, which made him exceedingly bold so that he put his arm around her shoulders and kissed her tenderly. And then he thought she seemed to be the shy one. They whispered understandingly and were so quiet that they could easily hear Miss Dalton coming with the vases. Then he moved off the arm of Jean's chair and Mary came back ahead of Miss Dalton, chanting, "The vas-es are com-ing now." She communicated a new optimism to him.

But Miss Dalton, counting over her zinnias, seemed to sense something more than the fragrance of flowers in the air.

And that afternoon was the peak of the brief romance. (Miss Dalton had insisted on two more tickets—so that Miss Mary could go too.) Even with Mary's silent support he had not contrived more than minutes with Jean unsupervised before Judson and Rye demanded his full-time services down in Dorking; and Miss Dalton, as erstwhile manager, engineered all correspondence with him . . . until there had come that multiple-folding picture postcard sent down to him by Jean from some highland village. The printed title called it Souvenir of Bonnie Scotland and the outside card showed a blooming lass wearing a typical plaid shawl inviting him to "look under my plaidie." But then when he lifted the shawl, only a lot of diminutive pictures came trailing down before him. Written on the last card of the accordion-like series, was a final word of thanks for his part in that happy fortnight, an invitation—if he ever did get to America—and the announcement of both their ship and their sailing-date. Mrs. Matters had not considered the souvenir worth sending on to him; she knew he'd seen plenty of Scotland. So it waited until his return to London and by then Jean and Mary had left for America. By then, too, in his busy engineer's routine, Jean had become his favorite though disturbing phantom. It was between jobs that he knew he had never fully forgiven Mrs. Matters for her error in judgment. And because of his mistrust he had not been sorry when the war forced him to move from her house . . .

Having allowed him not quite enough time to forget her, Miss Dalton wrote a letter which from a polite man required an answer. A series of such enforced letters, then meetings, might have stirred a more imaginative man to suspect some eventual fate in their contacts. But Mr. Sterling never thought of himself but as a free man.

3.

Startled and chagrined, Mr. Sterling stood up suddenly feeling that someone should have called him. 5:26! You couldn't tell when the train you were waiting for came. There was always something coming in. Suppose he had lost a chance to see Jean alone or with Mary, if they had come to meet Miss Dalton. He stopped after a few steps toward the concourse to examine all he could of the crowds coming through. A Euston exodus was a trickle compared to this. There were four double doors here where an unbroken passage would have been better. He concentrated on a quickly summoned vision of Miss Dalton, keeping his eyes on the row of doors. Nobody coming by now seemed to be alone. Maybe she had gone through, but he couldn't be sure yet . . . Everybody began to look alike.

Feeling disquietingly inadequate and in need of contact with something more stable than wartime trains and identical-looking travelers, he went into a phone booth and called Annie.

As soon as she heard his voice, she cut in, "You're at the Knowles's now then; are you?"

"Where? I'm still—"

"Oh—Jeannie phoned here for you. There was a last-minute change."

Could it be that Jeannie had come instead of Miss Dalton? Ach, how daft he could turn in one second!

"Are you there, Archie? Archie, are you listening?"

"I'm here. Go on about Jeannie."

It was a relief to get everything so direct from Annie: Mary had got word in the nick of time that her sister was coming on furlough and would expect to be met in Minneapolis; so she had picked the London lady from her train over there and the two had waited for Jean. And the London lady had fretted Mary incessantly; and so Jean had phoned; and she *was* still the vivacious young girl, so like her mother.

"She said for you to go right out. That was an hour ago or more. You better take a cab."

And he did go and take a cab, thinking that it was now going to be just like six years ago when that same message had directed him: "Come out. Come now." But this time he was wholly prepared—he thought.

The ride out gave him a chance for a preview.

The cab stopped before a comfortable-looking white house whose deep screened-porch darkened its front and his vision. He repeated the house number as he paid the driver.

"That's right," said the man, and he added, "Okay," slamming himself in and leaving Mr. Sterling alone on the sidewalk.

He could gradually discern a form on the porch. But it was Miss Dalton's. She pushed the door open for him and stood both chiding and consoling him distinctly as he went up to her. Before leading him into the square hall ahead where he could see, by the light of a spreading lamp on a carpeted table, a wide

staircase, she lowered her voice intimately to let him know that she suspected some "friend" had been the reason for Miss Jean's coming home; she and Miss Mary emanated a suspicious good-humor. She couldn't say more now—

Mary called from the living-room at his right to come in and he was so welcome. She began approaching—in some sort of rosy slack suit—and saying what a shame and repeating to come right in and she hoped he did not mind the wait too much— Of course, if he had only let her know that he was to be in the picture . . . Anyway, what a reunion this was going to be! She directed him to take a chair at which she nudged, calling it her dad's favorite, while she went back to leave his cap on the hall table.

Though but dimly lighted from a large white lamp on a heavy round table under two windows he faced at the end of the room, the room, he could see, had a lived-in look. Miss Dalton arranged herself in the center of a divan-sort-of-thing between two bookcases and facing the empty brick fireplace, so that in her uprightness she almost fitted into a picture he did not recognize; (It was the Sibyl of Cumae.) he noticed a nebulous similarity between Miss Dalton and the figure of the prophetess. He could observe only that much in detail before Mary was passing between him and Miss Dalton to another chair across the hearth from him. She moved into the right spot a big square needlepoint covered stool and sank into the chair behind it, picked up some gray knitting from the stool, looked closely at it for a moment, and said, "Four more rows of this same. My tenth pair in two months—in spite of heat. I suppose you knit too, Miss Dalton?"

Miss Dalton didn't—yet. But if she had not begun to knit, she had known sacrifice.

"My dear, have you ever stopped to think how lucky you are to have your living-room on the first floor like this? Oh, my poor wee flat in London— We know all about shambles and wrecks of homes, don't we, Captain Archibald?" she asked significantly.

"Yes," he agreed. He was watching Mary and wondering where Jean was.

"Tell me, my dear, how old is a place like *this?*" The London lady moved her up-turned palm around as if she were indicating an extensive farm.

"Too old for us—and too big too now." It was Jean answering and coming down the stairs into the hall behind him.

She stopped at Mr. Sterling and shook hands and without permitting an interruption explained again how she had come home—got a furlough to spend with Mary while their parents were away with the boys. When she stopped speaking, he felt that he had to stop watching her face and holding her hand though he didn't want to do either.

"I didn't know you were in service" was all he could say at once. He felt semi-blinded by something about her; yet she had not turned upon him that intimate smile that he had hoped for. It helped his memory that she wore a dress and when she went over and opened higher the windows beyond the lamp he thought she hadn't altered in six years; he perceived traces of winning mannerisms he had never noticed about anyone else.

"If I'd known Miss Dalton was to be here with Mary, I would not have needed to come—could have taken my furlough later."

Miss Dalton looked at him significantly but he did not notice.

"I'm jolly glad you didn't know," he said boldly.

"Well, that's nice. It's great having you surprise us like this too"—

"I'm so pleased that you changed, Miss Jean," interrupted Miss Dalton vaguely with a drawn-out sort of look that one associates with fond reminiscences. "Women in uniform is all one ever sees in Canada today. They're ever so trig and patriotic too of course, but they are awe-fully monotonous."

"Jeannie looks swell in hers," said Mary across to Mr. Sterling. "I want to get into one. I'd wear it all the time."

"Jeannie would look swell in anything," stated Mr. Sterling with upsetting daring. He was determined to go on from where he had left off six years ago. But no one appeared to hear him. Maybe he was not being so forceful as he imagined.

"I hope you won't need to wear one at all," said Miss Dalton generously.

"Oh, she will," said Jean. "We know things are far from over."

"That's the way over here; even the young people know everything. I have noticed it in Canada too. I'm getting to like it better." Miss Dalton was too genial.

"People being well-informed, you mean?" asked Mary, keeping a stitch waiting while she looked over at her for confirmation.

"Ye-s-s, that too." (She had meant living in Canada.) "And knowing what they want and going ahead to get it. It's a good way."

"Government by the people," Mr. Sterling put in.

"Well, I didn't mean that—but that's it too." She smiled cryptically. "I've told Captain Archibald, of course. He knows my views. In our correspondence I told you we kept up." And he could not guess at what relationship between them she had insinuated before he came. "I am afraid I want England to be different when we return to her—if we ever should."

Mr. Sterling wished Mary's curiosity would impel her to ask what Miss Dalton meant by *we,* but both the American girls seemed content to respect her right to vague references like that.

Mary did follow up her first enthusiasm for reunion: "Where are we going to begin tomorrow?" she asked. "We want to show Miss Dalton our Twin Cities. In time of peace we might show her the state but not now with gas measured by the drop."

Miss Dalton said, "You kind Americans! I knew you would be charming like this."

Jean got right up and found a long pad and moved over a little table in front of Mr. Sterling and pulled her seat over beside him and said he could write down all the places they named.

Harmony was here—for a moment.

"Just five days this time!" Jean exclaimed to him; and Miss Dalton called out, "That's all."

"Well, I suppose. We did London in a fortnight. Remember?" Jean bent forward to hug her knees.

"London is past," tolled Miss Dalton. "And it is much too late, my dear, to begin anything tonight. Mary says it has been awe-fully warm here during the day. I'm sending Captain Archibald right off—now—like that." She made a sliding cut-slap with her right hand across her left; she might have been some vicious Atropos dramatizing from her throne.

And in spite of his resolve to be masterly, Mr. Sterling left.

The next day, which began by being very warm, when Mr. Sterling arrived in not-too-hopeful a state of mind, he found Miss Dalton alone on the porch stretched out on a long wicker settee reading large magazines. On a round wicker table within her easy reach was a thermos jug which she explained held iced-lemonade.

"I fancy you miss our charged waters too," she said sympathetically as she pushed up into a more solid bank at her back the pillows surrounding her.

"I don't seem to mind the heat," he said. "It's only 88. Where are the girls?"

Jean had gone into town to the blood bank and Mary had phoning to do. She presumed a tour would be out, because she had had little sleep in the heat and the girls thought a day on the porch like this should refresh her.

"And what about tomorrow?'

"We'll see. All this is refreshing. I shall enjoy a fortnight of it."

Mr. Sterling wondered whether the daughters of the house shared their guest's contentment. He himself was far from content this morning. In fact, he was bewildered. He could not be persuaded to stay for lunch with Miss Dalton, though she got up to look for Mary to add her entreaties.

"I know they expect you to lunch with me, Captain Archie. Wait. I'll just speak to Mary."

But she could not locate her hostess, and Mr. Sterling went away.

"You phone in the morning, before coming," she instructed him.

The next day, a day of Indian heat, he did not phone until after noon and then Miss Dalton told him not to come: "We sit in the dark quite unclothed. I have important letters to answer—in spite of this awe-ful heat—and, by the way, *later on,* after this holiday, I'll be seeing you. The girls are doing everything to make me comfortable. So there's nothing you need to come for."

The next day he phoned very early; yet, Miss Dalton's throaty "Yes" blunted the little spear of hope in his breast. She advised him to come after luncheon. When he did appear—late—a mood of desperation had preceded him and settled especially on Mary. Jean's attitude seemed sprinkled with flippancy.

In the evening while they were sitting on the porch with Miss Dalton while she took an indefinite period to cool off after the exertion of dinner, a young lieutenant in the air service who was home on leave dropped in with an assured familiarity. Somewhat formally, he addressed questions about Canada, jointly to Captain Sterling and Miss Dalton, sometimes saying "you-two."

At length, Jean straightened him out: "Miss Dalton and Mr. Sterling are

not together in Canada. See?" She turned a comically instructive eye upon him.

He said he was able to, and at once began to emphasize humorously the separateness of his remarks. This revision amused everyone except Miss Dalton, who mentioned having important correspondents in Winnipeg and complained of an increasing sultriness. At that the visitor said it was getting dark and he'd better glance over their victory garden before it got too dark and when Mary began to get up to accompany him, Jean insisted that she knew enough about the garden and he said she would do all right and they laughed and he said good night—with especial ceremony toward Miss Dalton—and went through the house with Jean. And it did seem unquestionably darker to Mr. Sterling then.

Mary said Tom was a good kid—a remark not enlightening. It didn't help either to have Jean return; she came in the front way quietly and sat off by the door, and then said the night was nearly perfect and she would like to sleep out on the grass in Highland Park. Though Miss Dalton gasped audibly at this desire, Jean ignored that reaction and silently slipped away and only called down good night to them all.

On his dismal way home Mr. Sterling could but conclude that the furlough, judged by his first objective in arranging it, seemed to be fated to failure.

On the fourth day he left early with Annie's husband for a war plant inspection, where he lost that incipient sense of injustice and whence he returned without having consciously resolved anything but knowing he would take a step of initiative toward seeing Jean. The determination inspired by Mars would aid Cupid.

But a revolution had commenced without his interference.

"Too bad you didn't come back at noon," said Annie. "You said you would."

"I did that, but the plant's a bigger place than I realized . . . and the war bigger still."

"Jeannie phoned and wanted you. It may not be too late. I promised you'd call back. I'm sorry if you've missed something with her."

He would be worse than sorry.

Not without that eternal hope, he dialed, waited—then felt Miss Dalton respire into the phone before she spoke. She cautioned him against coming now. Jean had *phoned* him? Well! But now—she had a visitor; he was in the garden with her. He and two others had been there for dinner. But it had been so hot. She herself was keeping strictly to the porch. However, he must come tomorrow—early—before the heat. *She* had news.

Mr. Sterling did not wait for tomorrow.

With the cooperation of Annie he presently looked in the mirror at the most determined example of His Majesty's officer that he had up to this time achieved.

"I wouldn't let any fine London person put me off about Jeannie Knowles," Annie said. "I wouldn't that. And it's not too late either. The heat's just letting up nice."

From a distance the house inside looked black, but obliquely on its front fell light from somewhere across the street. He could gradually hear one husky voice waving through some agreeable excursion that ended on an upgrade; then, no response but stillness. As he turned in toward the house, Mary's voice broke up the dour quiet on the porch, saying, "Why, *here's* Mr. Sterling. Welcome, stranger." And she held the screen door wide open for him. (It was like the glad relief of a person waiting for the doctor to get there and take over a tiresome patient.)

Quickly he saw Miss Dalton was still at length on the wicker couch, a huge fan within reach, which she began to use vigorously. Jean came out in a moment (to bias the diagnosis?) and openly regretted that he had not come much earlier—then said with the charm no ordeal can quite stifle maybe his sister had *just* told him that she had phoned?

Enlivened by her own initiative, she slipped through to a chair in a remote corner of the porch and continued, *"We've* scarcely even seen you, you know, and now Miss Dalton has been gloating that she will—" She was speaking in a new, querulous key.

Hitherto her appeal for him had seemed accidental on her part. Never before had she manifested this preference—sounding the personal note. Now she was pointing to his duty to deal and judge fairly . . . he wasn't keeping up with what she was saying so fast.

Apparently, at any rate, Miss Dalton had not reported his call. She was not going to allow him to report it either. As if she had fanned herself into sufficient strength, she raised her body sideways as you do the lid of a grand piano to gain volume, and she chimed out—with a sweetness that hinted she felt guilty of a discordant sulking and to make amends was slyly and generously ready to announce something. (She aimed her voice at Jean.)

"Your boy-friend, Jean, is a cheery chap. I am awe-fully sorry he had to leave. And the other two—though I didn't just fall for their—" she laughed jumpily like one more than literally feeling her way in the dark. Her laughter sounded like an amateur at a mitrailleuse.

"Boy-friend!" snorted Mary, dropping courtesy for justice. "We never saw any of them before today, and we'll probably never see them again. They're all C. R. A. F. boys from Texas passing through town, and they brought greetings from our brothers. Just good old American hospitality. Does that surprise *you?"*

Miss Dalton settled back slowly into a sibylline silence. She swung the skirt of her housecoat over her extended legs—forgetting the heat.

Jean, shifting and stirring like a beflustered nymph, started out of her distant retreat. "I'm going out to the garden."

"Mosquitoes are bad, Jeannie," Mary reminded her.

Her immediate though ambiguous rejection of that warning reassured Mr. Sterling of Jeannie's earthliness: "I can stand them."

Miss Dalton lifted herself again and spoke: *"I* never could. The heat and mosquitoes together, Captain Sterling and I simply cannot take."

This was—well—it had a threatening flavor—

"They've never bothered me," said His Majesty's officer to Mary, and rising to prove it continued, "Long ago in India I became immune to heat and flies and—" whatever creature his reckless impulse tempted him to add his innate politeness would not permit his tongue to name. "I'll keep anything off Jeannie."

"If you don't, she'll get terribly bitten," said Mary.

On gallant step he was starting straight into the dark deep hall when Miss Dalton's voice commanded, "Wait! Stop, Captain Sterling!" (She was actually on her feet.) "Can you *hear* me?" (But she must not follow him.)

He turned and beheld her, a stiff untidy blotch, framed within the screen door, obscuring the very light she needed. Mary had moved into a wing; he could see her shoulder. Plainly, Miss Dalton, peering forward into the blank darkness, could not discern his distance. No sound offering her a clue, with two unskillful yet dramatic movements she swathed her legs tightly in the long skirt of the housecoat, raised her bosom, rasped her throat preparatorily, and gathered all her vocal volume for some magnetic parabasis. In her haste, she neglected her honeyed bait! Her voice was bitter.

"You are to come back at once, Captain Sterling. I intend to announce my news I told you about . . . Are you coming back here, Captain Sterling?"

He did not like to hear women shout like this, and he was the cause of this shouting . . . one oath would probably—but of course he could not use oaths on women . . . he let a long moment of silence intervene . . . if she resumed, he would reply . . . he was replying, hushedly, yet unequivocally, like one at last confronted openly by his enemy: "Whoo-isht, woman! Keep quiet! And I am *not* going back."

It was the inevitable stab, but even if she continued the act, he would not go on. He felt impatient to be after Jeannie; he opened a door; yet he waited, to be sure it was condemnation he had evoked.

"Bothersome fraud! You can't count on *him,* not on his word—I warn you! After all I've been through arranging this—"

It was enough. Her pitch was levelled for Mary; she believed he was gone . . . and Mary was shoving something near to receive her dispirited form . . .

He found Jeannie in shrubbery—trilling some wordless tune defiantly. When he came very close, she stopped and whispered, "I was wrong last night. 'You-two' needn't be apart in Canada; she's not going back to Toronto. She's going to governess in Winnipeg."

"*Is* she?" He turned, listening, toward the house; but he could hear nothing.

"It'll just be farther back to London for her," he prophesied.

HARRY ROSKOLENKO:

Mt. Hotham Heights: Australian Alps

The tongue breaks in the mouth's hard chill,
In the moment's mountains of the massive eyes.
In saluting winds, on iced flaked horizons
Great curtains glare from frigid alpine peaks.
Mist meanders! Snow sings! Rain riots!
Flames from white winds singe the trees,
The externals intact; the outer storm ends.

A week from towering city, from ships on invading seas
And the light alchemy of bright young literary men,
Naming the future systems living in the cold present,
The essential fire left to intimate complicity.
And nothing is in these mountains, where wind
Is everything and shelter is the word
Understood as heart, man, country and war.

BREWSTER GHISELIN:

On the Disappearance of God among the Mackerel

For Carl Gustav Jung

A thousand shuttles of green light through the seaweb thrown
Swerve to the pepper of chum bowled about us, flash
To the bowstring leap of the line and thump the boards of the boat:
Motion without emotion, flexible metal, eyes without thought.

Except where the black shark lags rolling like a long log
They crosswhip all the waters with flashy feeding, around him
An electric field. But when he is hooked aboard, his gone
Presence widens over the ocean. And they dazzle like a mad loom.

ROBERT HORAN:

Little City

Spider, from his flaming sleep,
staggers out into the window-frame,
swings out from the red den where he slept
to nest in the gnarled glass.
Fat hero, burnished cannibal,
lets down a frail ladder and ties a knot,
sways down to a landing with furry grace.

By noon, this corner is a bullet-colored city,
and the exhausted architect
sleeps in his pale wheel;
waits without pity for a gold visitor
or coppery captive, his aerial enemies
spinning headlong down the window to the trap.

The street of string shakes now and announces
a surprised angel in the tunnel of thread.
Spider dances down his wiry heaven to taste the moth.
A little battle begins and the prison trembles.
The round spider hunches like a judge.
The wheels glistens.

But this transparent town that caves in at a breath
is paved with perfect steel.
The victim hangs by his feet, and the spider
circles invisible avenues, weaving a grave.

By evening, the web is heavy with monsters,
bright constellation of wasps and bees,
breathless, surrendered.
Bronze skeletons dangle on the wires
and a thin wing flutters.
The medieval city hangs in its stars.
Spider lumbers down the web,
and the city stretches with the weight of his walking.

By night, we cannot see the flies' faces
and the spider, rocking.

Two Sonnets

i

Announced to me by trumpets and by tears,
by tempests in the silk, by paper wars,
how calendars of death in distant years
will well up in our eyes and wall our stars.
In ferns and forests, as the ghost appears
wrapped in his flags or swinging from his shores,
muffled with careful cloth, we stop our ears,
sing in our sleep to silence all his sores.

Pinned to our wrists, like butterflies to glass,
the alphabets of age, the wheels of grief.
A grain of salt, a nail, a lip, a leaf
reminds us that they melt and move through grass.

Announced to me by all they left to keep,
how soon they shall assassinate my sleep.

ii

Sewn to my side, the shaken ships of love
move in their milky waste of pearls and blood,
let down their thorny nets to fire and flood,
splinter the roof of water, drown the dove.
First, in the breath of morning, all put out
in siren-light and glittering of grace,
savoured by weather; at the white look-out
sight simple islands moored in flowered space.

Then, on my banks of flesh as on a rock,
heave hills and heavens signaling the wreck.
Wild on the wave, they thunder in and shock
the red, remote cathedral where I work.

The bird-like boats, bringing their beaks toward home,
spin in my side, sail down and rest on bone.

BOYD CARTER:

Stop Watches

The slow sensuous morning burns
To noon in the shadow of the store,
Squats for an hour on Snively and Kerns
Like a spider on a basement floor.

Inside, sagacious as blinking toads
Catching bees under the mullen leaf,
The loafers sit till the door unloads
The silence breaking on the reef

Of the banana stalk and bottled coke.
The focused eye sacks the comer
In the eternity of the poke
He buys and his chewed soft murmur.

The snug-fitting shadow gently lifts
Its canopy from Snively and Kerns;
Hickory bottoms squeak in crackling shifts,
In restless twists and speculative turns.

There they are! the noon heat safely past,
The rear chair-posts deep sunk in soft soil
On the east side, the backs propped fast
Exorcising diabolical moil.

In Wall Street the minute hand raced
On the vast desk like a mad windmill;
The red-faced man telephoned and paced,
Devoured by the insatiable bill.

The seeping dark's stealthy catty crawl
Tucks in the silence of the twilight
Round the sitters leaned against the wall
Guarding time against dissolving night.

BERTHOLD VIERTEL:

Five Anecdotes

The Old Jew

February, 1915. We, a group of Austrian officers coming from Hungary, had crossed the Galician border on horseback. One man only among us had been an officer in peace-time too. But even he had given up military service when he inherited a large restaurant in Vienna from his father. His looks immediately betrayed the profession he was born for. He was a fat, jolly fellow, and his uniform suffered from the abundance of his flesh. He was the typical Viennese innkeeper, with his round red cheeks, his blond moustache, and his false bonhommie; a drinker of sour wine and a practical joker. His rank was that of a Lieutenant, and his name was Loitter.

We others were mostly sons of landowners and had gone to college. We had been young physicians, lawyers, or engineers before the war had pressed us into our uniforms. We had been transferred from the Serbian to the Russian front, and we were on the way to our new destination. According to Army regulations, we were Lieutenant Loitter's subordinates. As a matter of fact, we found him to be our inferior. He offended our sensitivities at every step, and as he was talking a great deal, and telling one joke after another of the kind he liked, we were often barely able to hide our disgust. This fat, clumsy man ill-treated his very patient horse with his spurs, and he used and abused his riding whip for no good reason.

It was a beautiful sunny day, and the air was fresh and crisp. The fields were still covered with snow, but here and there it had begun to melt away. For several miles we hadn't seen a human being. Suddenly in a field there stood the bent figure of an old Jew, in his long black coat and with a little black cap on his white hair. He looked like a crow among the furrows.

Lieutenant Loitter, our leader, suddenly changed his direction. He crossed over the field, and passing dangerously close to the old Jew, he raised his riding whip and knocked the cap off the Jew's head. He explained to him: "Take your hat off, Moses, when you meet an Austrian officer."

We rode on and fell into an easy canter. But I saw how the old Jew had bent down, slowly and humbly, to pick up his cap.

Loitter was giggling. He felt proud of his excellent joke. Some of us had indeed laughed. Several among us were Jews, and only one of us Jews had laughed, servilely.

I couldn't stomach it. I had felt myself growing pale. I drove my horse close to Loitter's, and while we went into a more animated canter, I said, my face turned towards his: "Don't you think it was a cowardly act to hit an old man, coming from you, a well-fed officer, strong as a horse, but without the nobility

of the horse?" I couldn't help choking a little as I finished.

Loitter saw that I wanted to start a fight. He twinkled with his small eyes that were nearly hidden by his puffy cheeks. Quickly he thought the situation over. Should he take offense? Duels were forbidden for the duration of the war. Or should he handle it as a case of insubordination? He knew very well that the strategy of the higher-ups was to make the officers deal in a rather friendly way with our own civilian population. He had had no proper reason for his action. So he decided to laugh it off. Just the same, he tried to turn the table and have a bigger laugh on me. He said in his jolly way: "But don't forget, he was only a Jew. You resented it because, being a Jew yourself, you were ashamed to see one of your own race humiliated like that. But don't forget, also, that you are a cultured Jew. You belong to us Christians."

Nobody laughed. I saw eyes turned on me. How would I take it? I tried to appear as calm as Loitter, and said: "The only thing I am bitterly ashamed of is that I do belong to you, that we both are Austrian officers. I am ashamed of what the old Jew must think of us. If you were a gentleman, you would turn your horse around, ride back, and apologize to the old man for your silly and childish behavior."

I wanted to anger Loitter and make him commit another imprudent act, but I didn't succeed. Quietly he answered: "Well, if you feel that way about it, why don't you ride back yourself and bring the old man my sincere apologies?" With a broad grin he added: "And I mean it, too!"

I said: "Thank you, Lieutenant," and rode back. When I arrived where the old Jew still stood motionless, I dismounted and apologized very formally in the name of my fellow officer who regretted his bad joke. For the first time I saw his face.

Now I shall not talk about the patriarchs and the prophets, nor about Rembrandt and Ahasuerus, the eternal Jew. The growth of the silvery white hair on his face and around it, the sad clearness of his eye, an eye that had thought a great deal—truly, it was a marvellous face, serene and sincere. It opened like a book, a parchment covered with innumerable runic characters that had been written there by the long life of an old man and the much longer life of an old race. Here was authority, simplicity, dignity.

And with a calm mildness that I never could forget, the Jew said, in Yiddish: "Never mind. It is nothing. If people were grown up would we have this war?"

Cyanide

Every one of us officers of the Army Service Corps received a piece of cyanide before we were sent off to the Serbian front. It was a little white ball, in a small test-tube closed with a cork. It looked like a piece of candy. We put it in the pocket of our trousers. We could get it out with one quick movement, open it, and swallow the candy in no time. Then we were sure to die. It was an absolutely reliable method of suicide. I wish I had the bottle right now. The

idea was that an Austrian officer would prefer a swift and clean death to castration. There were persistent rumors that the Serbs castrated their prisoners of war, especially the officers. To spare us this shameful outrage we were provided with these charming little bottles. They looked rather coy. As a matter of fact, the whole idea was that. We took it as a joke. We laughed about it quite a lot. But we were assured by our commanding officers that this was a serious matter. If we didn't mind being castrated, we should at least consider the honor of our country.

Well, we had no opportunity to use the cyanide. Later, during our retreat, many officers of the Service Corps were captured; some of them were shot down at once, the others died of typhus. But I'm sure not one of them swallowed the candy. The fact was that the more we saw of the war the less we believed the castration story. The Serbs couldn't possibly be crueler than we were. And even we didn't castrate our prisoners.

I myself threw away my bottle with the poison after a while. I'll tell you how it happened. It is quite an amusing episode, one that I have often told to my Sunday afternoon guests all over the world, whenever we exchanged war memories.

The Austrian Army had been entrenched for weeks and weeks at the terrible Black Mountains, "The Crny Vrh." Finally, after heavy losses, the grip of the enemy was loosened. The retreat of the Serbs began, which they themselves called a strategical move. And with it came the Austrian advance. The Austrian Army was resounding with the stories about the terrors of the irregular, guerilla warfare of the Serbs and the evil deeds of the "Komitatchis," townspeople and peasants sniping from windows and from behind hedges. They were soldiers without a uniform. They had only the right to be killed, and not the right to kill. They had to be taught a lesson, and more than that! They were shot without trial and they had to dig their own graves. The world has heard a great deal about these horrors. Of course, any peasant the Austrians could put their hands on was, for one reason or another, a "Komitatchi" and a spy, women as well as men, and children as well as women. They were barbarians anyway, a primitive race which could be educated only by severe punishment. This had been the glorious European tradition wherever Europe did some colonizing, ever since the Catholic days of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro. Serbs were worse than Indians or even Negroes. And war was war—one of the oldest and most believed—in axioms of all times.

The Austrian Army, now that their columns were advancing, had to exist on whatever the conquered country supplied. This was called "requisition," an ominous word especially for the many pigs that inhabited the country and had been the source of its wealth in the bygone days of peace. Neither the troops nor the Service Corps was allowed to "requisition" pigs or cattle without payment. They had to issue a receipt for every head, a rubber-stamped piece of paper with the necessary signature for future accounting of livestock that had been requisitioned. The peasants didn't have a very high opinion of these receipts. Nobody likes to exchange a fat pig for a thin piece of paper. I have

seen many of these Austrian receipts with my own eyes. There was no rubber stamp on them, no name, no regiment or Service Corps number. Instead there was scrawled on them a filthy word or an obscene joke. On most "receipts" the unlucky peasant was simply asked to kiss the Austrian where the Serbian would have much rather applied a red-hot iron. I, being a sentimentalist, fought this jolly custom wherever I could. One day, when I had taken my quarters in a small village, I heard screaming and yelling outside of my door. A peasant woman entered my rooms uttering desperate lamentations. My men were just taking her three pigs away. We had meat enough left, we didn't need more for the time being. I ordered my mess-sergeant to report to me, reprimanded him severely, and told him to return the pigs. Slow about taking the order and even reluctant to obey, he had to accede, for I had the authority, given to me by the Emperor. The peasant woman had watched the scene with wide open eyes.

I slept marvelously that night, curled up, after a strenuous march, up on the heights of a magnificent peasant bed. I woke up in the morning, sunshine pouring into my room and someone gently touching my hand. There stood a fair-haired peasant girl of five, not as tall as my bed, a lovely sight with her red-cheeked, round face and her golden pigtails. She was dressed in the colorful costume of her country, and she was holding up for my inspection a beautiful cake on a wooden platter. It had been baked only last night, to show their gratitude for my fairness. From now on, I was treated not as a conqueror, not as an Austrian robber and a fiend, but as a guest of the house.

Everything in this house showed the old peasant culture. These people were not wealthy, but no paupers either. They had retained the traditions of their country. The gay colors of their embroideries on carpets, covers, and the garments of their women had a most cheering effect and recalled the lost Paradise of peace.

I saw smiling faces around me and felt like Napoleon, giving freedom to conquered peoples. It was a beautiful morning in the fall, already tinged with the crispness of winter. I ordered my horse saddled and went for a brisk ride. Obviously, on this day of rest a feeling of peace had crept into my war-hating heart. I found an open field and allowed my horse to gallop. I felt very well indeed.

Suddenly, I don't know why, I remembered my poison. I felt the outside of my trouser-pocket. The bottle was gone. Where had I lost it? It was there yesterday . . . It may have dropped to the ground in my new quarters. A wave of anxiety went through my body. The child! The child might find it and take it for candy! She may have done so already. While I was enjoying the fresh country air—I must not go on describing the rapid succession of thoughts and emotions provoked by this idea. My fears seemed so well grounded. I would have saved the pigs only to kill the child. An Austrian officer, after all.

I was back at the house in no time, rider and horse dripping with sweat. And I got there just in time! The child sat on the floor of my room, playing with the dainty glass bottle. She looked longingly at the "candy" which had been given to me so that I might choose between an honorable death and a shameful fate.

This was the end of my cyanide. I threw the bottle into the river near the house. But overcome by fear that the poison of an Austrian officer might not lose its fateful qualities even then, I fished it out again and buried it.

We left the friendly village two days later, continuing our advance which ten days afterwards turned into the most disorderly retreat I have ever seen.

Boudoin

He must have suffered a lot.

His youth was unknown. When we first met him, he had already assumed a definite form. Round cheeks, a small mouth, soft lips that seemed to reach out for a kiss, a smart brown moustache pointing upward on both sides. His forehead was high, and his hair thin.

His passport called him a married man. He himself had told us that he had a wife, but he never said any more about her. No one has ever seen her, and we had no idea where she lived. Obviously they were separated.

He was the most taciturn man I've ever met. Nothing in the world could get another word out of him but the one: "Exactly."

"Exactly" was his word. He didn't use another. Either he didn't need another, or he had forbidden himself the remainder of human vocabulary. He used to sit there very correctly, and listen. Sooner or later, he found an opportunity to say: "Exactly."

He said it with the greatest sincerity, and he never applied it wrongly. He agreed only when no one could possibly disagree. He took no risks with his word. One must give him credit for the fact that he never allowed himself to abuse it. His "exactly" was like the signature on a check of a solvent and responsible businessman. The Bank of England stood behind it. As everybody knows, the Bank of England has no windows, only walls. Similarly, his affirmation opened no windows through which, from the outside, one could have seen the treasures of his convictions.

And this was really an achievement. Because, being a son of our epoch of War and Revolution, of the most daring changes in the standard of value and opinion, he could not find it easy to avoid mistakes. He needed superhuman patience, to wait for the opportunity when no doubt was possible. It didn't matter, either, in whose company he was, Communist or Capitalist, or of what nationality a man was with whom he agreed. His "exactly" covered only the last spoken sentence. Whoever the antagonist was, and even if he turned on our friend, his questioning look would only meet an utterly unmoved face, a face as impartial as a wall, a face armed with sincerity and simplicity, the mask of the most honest man on earth.

His name was Boudoin. It bore the weight of old French ancestry, and it made him complete and indubitable. He had a preference for the most exclusive clubs, and no one would have ever objected to his membership. He was well dressed in a quiet manner. He smoked only cigarettes—he owed that to his name. But his drink was whisky and soda. He had an enormous endurance.

Nobody could outdrink or outwake him. Boudoin was always the last to leave a party. He never showed any signs of dissipation. No indecency could make Boudoin blush. His hair stayed always as smooth as his face. If he grew tired, he quietly closed his eyes. And as he never spoke, he could sleep at a party whenever he wanted to. Nobody ever caught him snoring, and he never missed his cue. He would open his eyes at the right moment and say: "Exactly." Consequently, Boudoin was the best sport. No outrage startled him. He was fond of every kind of woman, and behaved like a cavalier under all circumstances. No man and no woman was ever afraid to let him be a witness to delicate or indelicate scenes of their most private life. He himself was cryptogamous.

What it must have cost him to keep up this game of his! No one but he got the job whenever there was need of a man of absolute discretion and trustworthiness. Boudoin was sitting correctly right where the biggest money was performing its most mythical transactions. He consequently drew a high salary and lived in the highest society. English kings were flattered when Boudoin said, after a line from their serene lips: "Exactly."

But he must have suffered. Because no man ever lived in whose presence his fellow-men behaved as utterly without self-consciousness as they did with Boudoin. He saw and heard the things that no one else could see and hear without changing his expression. Boudoin's face never moved.

Oh, Boudoin, you must have suffered!

"Exactly," says Boudoin.

Vanity

The vainest dog I ever saw—or shall I say the proudest? It's sometimes not easy to draw the line.

We met him on a meadow in spring, near the most English of all the little towns in the Midlands. One can't say the dog was walking there—he was jumping about, as gallantly and pleasantly as any mongrel, white with black spots, ever jumped. He was enjoying himself, no doubt. The shining innocence of his jolliness stopped us. He was not only jolly, he was silly too. There is a certain kind of silliness which one—whether human or animal—can indulge in only if one believes himself alone, not observed by anybody, not even by God. A young poet may frisk about that way after his first poem has been published and he has seen his own words in print. A young lover, after receiving his first kiss, may prance about as this dog did.

The dog wheeled around his ego, he danced, he paid himself compliments. With his forelegs he applauded himself. He seemed to move in front of a flattering mirror. He kowtowed, he shook hands with the empty air. We could see it from afar. It looked as if he were drunk with self-satisfaction, lifted by his exaggerated confidence.

Something white stuck out of his collar. Was it a frill, or a little flag of white ribbon? It glittered in the sunshine. Yes, the dog was bedecked, decorated and honored festively. And that's why he was so vain and happy.

We wanted to see him closer. We waved and called him. And immediately he came with the greatest readiness and friendliness, with happy leaps and bounds, wagging his tail, of course, and obviously wanting to share his seventh heaven with us.

He stopped directly before us, offering us what was fastened to his collar. It proved to be a visiting card with a penciled inscription. He had approached so fawningly, like a dandy, to show us this message. So we were not afraid of being indiscreet, and took the liberty of stooping down to examine the card. We read: "This dog is a nuisance. If his owner doesn't keep him at home, where he belongs, and he shows up again, we'll deliver him to the police."

After we had read it, the dog proudly turned his head, so that we could have a look at the full name of the honorable lady who had made him so happy by distinguishing him in such a generous way on such a radiant day.

Death in the Projection Room

We sat in the projection room and saw movietone rushes. The technique was still a novelty. We saw the start of a flier in a glider. He was crouching like an ape in his pilot seat, surrounded by newspapermen who were questioning him. He informed them of the exact spot in San Francisco's Golden Gate where he intended to make his landing. The pilot wasn't handsome. A close-up showed his face to be like that of a pugilist with a broken nose. The reporters fired questions at him, he answered them curtly and awkwardly. He sat there like an ape, his big hands at the wheel. Obviously he wanted to get rid of the reporters who stuck to him like flies to a piece of sugar. He wanted to start. He knew his intentions. Poor chap, he didn't know Fate's intentions.

The reporters were chewing gum and making notes mechanically. They were bored with the flier. It wasn't a worthwhile assignment. Not much of a story in it.

Then we saw the glider rising in the air. The sky must have been heavenly blue. A fine day. The start was lovely. Then, suddenly, the plane nosed down, and dove headlong into the ground. It happened in an instant. The flight was over almost before it began. We heard the crash, we saw a bit of smoke.

The producer, sitting in the first row, touched the buzzer on his table and made the projectionist stop the film. It was dark in the projection room, now that the light on the screen had vanished. Only the covered lamp on the producer's table cast a little halo of light.

There was a brief pause. Then a voice asked out of the darkness of the last row: "Will we show that?" The voice sounded frightened.

We all looked toward the producer and saw his plump form in his impressive soft-cushioned seat in the first row. He leaned forward into the halo of his special lamp. He said slowly, in a bored, hesitating manner: "I don't think so . . ." He spat into the brass urn at his feet, which he used as his special spittoon, and he buzzed the projectionist to start the next reel.

J. F. POWERS:

WILLIAM MAXWELL: *The Folded Leaf.* Harper.

WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK: *The City of Trembling Leaves.* Random House.

William Maxwell's leaf, which is the early life and times of Lymie Peters and Spud Latham (and Lymie's strange love for Spud), unfolds in Chicago and falls finally in a college town that could be Madison, Urbana or Bloomington. This is an uncommon novel of many brief chapters, acute line drawings of subtle intent, which, except for Lymie's attempt at suicide, celebrates the meaning of the middle things.

Lymie is a skinny scholar, but not a prodigy. Spud is a golden athlete and goes to Chicago for the Golden Gloves, but fails to win the last fight. The girls are pretty enough, but not beautiful, soulful or unique. The dormitory crowd, one of whom, Reinhart, is probably a character, is otherwise average. The fraternity brethren are what you might expect. Nobody in the book has any big ideas about art, justice, religion, single tax, the workers. It is very close to the truth.

Maxwell's Chicago, it follows, is not the extreme Chicago of Wright, Algren or Farrell. It is nonetheless valid, and if honest voters, i.e., round numbers, meant anything, it might be the whole truth where theirs is something less. This is the hothouse Chicago of the duplex apartment, the Ravenswood el, of the people who pay their bills and get two weeks' vacation, where poor souls are daily lifted up to and by Marshall Field & Company, the Edgewater Beach Hotel, the Commonwealth Edison Company. It is all this without being dedicated to that point; certainly no belated satire on the American Way. It is this because most of Chicago is, and wants to be, this way and because Maxwell has succeeded in doing what he says must be done:

> You must somehow contrive, if only for a week or only overnight, to live in the houses of people, so that at least you know the elementary things—which doors sometimes bang when a sudden wind springs up; where the telephone book is kept; and how their lungs feel when they waken in the night and reach blindly toward the foot of the bed for the extra cover . . . You are in duty bound to go through all of their possessions, to feel their curtains and look for the tradename on the bottom of their best dinner plates . . . and open, one by one, their closet doors. You should test the sharpness and shape of their scissors. You may play their radio and try, with your fingernail, to open the locked door of the liquor cabinet. You may even read any letters that they have been so careless as to leave around.

This is the kind of jack frost job Maxwell does on Lymie and Spud and all who fall in their path, which is not to say you get all the facts and figures a case worker likes to assemble, or some literary drayhorses. You simply get enough. The characters all *come through.*

In a few places Maxwell relaxes his hold on the story, as when he goes into the history of initiations and circumcisions, and here he seems to run aground his own laconic narrative method. But generally there is the pleasant feeling of having life miniatured without losing it, the substance without the fertile wastes, more meat than potatoes.

And so if one were so fortunate as to be elsewhere at the time, were also free, white and not yet twenty-one, with no obvious physical deficiencies, and still for all that wanted to *feel* how he should have lived during the Twenties in Chicago—that toddlin' town—Maxwell's novel, which is devoted to the quality of experience, is the answer, without the bother. For instance, Lymie's father—read the scene in the Alcazar Restaurant on Sheridan Road—is the personification of the cultural varletry that still haunts the district with thinning hair, dyed women and good cigars, and whose origins and last end, like the elephant's, are never to be known.

The Chicago section alone should again entitle Maxwell to the Friends of American Writers' prize for the best novel published by a Middlewestern writer during the year.

For Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Reno is the city of trembling leaves, but not the Reno "about which the world already knows or imagines more, in a Sunday-supplement way, than is true . . . the ersatz jungle, where the human animals, uneasy in the light, dart from cave to cave under steel

and neon branches, where the voice of the croupier halloos in the secret glades, and high and far, like light among the top leaves, gleam the names of lawyers and hairdressers on upstairs windows." Not that, but rather the sweet promised land of Nevada, its mountains, deserts, lakes, rivers, trees, flowers, birds, fishes, snakes, animals and stars. Those who read Clark's "Indian Well" story in an early number of ACCENT will remember how he can enchant the terrain itself, can endow wild life with all manner of wondrous conceits and humours, and still escape the hazards of whimsy and sentimentality, so that any resemblance his work may seem to bear to "regionalism" is purely incidental.

The Ox-Bow Incident, his first novel, was a deliberate masterpiece. It even had a healthy sale and a movie made from it. It was a perfect long story in the sense that Sherwood Anderson's "I Want To Know Why" is a perfect short story: action and emotion suspended in counterpoise, and no ruminating detours. Conceivably aspirants to writing might be urged to read these works and then be expected to go and do likewise.

The City of Trembling Leaves, however, affords no such illusion. It too is a masterpiece, but of another, higher order. Even its contour seems to evade the categories, owing allegiance to its materials only, making it organic after its fashion. The materials are not open to the public, as those of *The Ox-Bow Incident* more or less were. In short, no overt social significance. Some of the more obtuse of the insulated and injured will be disappointed.

Tim Hazard, "who had no particular fear of being hurt, but an almost paralyzing dread of being shamed," was born in a white framehouse in Reno. His brother Willis, who had no love for horses, wanted to become a jockey and did. His father worked in a lumberyard, pitched horseshoes on Sundays and holidays and loved the sea. His mother: "She saw her own nature, long blurred and unsatisfied because she lacked the selfishness to protect it, beginning its course over again in Timmy, and she yearned toward him terribly." Those are the beginnings.

Along the way Tim masters tennis, running the mile, playing in a dance orchestra—everything he needed to know at Reno High except how to talk to Rachel Wells, his first love, a predicament which Clark raises to tragedy. Begins, following graduation, a long exile in the perfumed and painted desert of cheap clubs and dancehalls, during which Tim is absolutely continent or, rather, oblivious. He is drinking quite a bit and the idea of composing music is coming home to stay. Rachel appears from out of San Francisco. They go up into the mountains and when they come down Rachel is still remote, but Tim has promised her to quit blowing a horn for a living off the kitty in the gin mill. He goes to work in a music store. This is not so painful for him as it sounds, as he does not regard himself as a genius or think of New York as the place for him. In fact he gets along without New York very well—an unconscious rebuke to parnassians and delicatessens.

Lawrence Black, a burning painter who has entered into an unspoken covenant with Tim in the beginning, now comes out of the background, and so does verdant Mary Turner, whom Tim eventually marries. They represent the compatible poles of Tim's world, the day and night of him. Tim goes to Carmel on the Coast to find out about music. Here Clark is at his very best in giving portraits of Knute Fenderson, Stephen Granger, Eileen—the Stone Woman, and the History of the Hanging Tree. Tim returns to Reno, is married, and at last writes the true version of the symphony of the leaves.

So much for the topography of a book which is not "about" anything (as *The Ox-Bow Incident* could be said to be about lynching) so much as about everything, for *The City of Trembling Leaves* is, in motive, concept, structure and progress, cubic.

There is a chapter called "Being Mostly Considerations of the Power of the Nuclear" which indicates the rock of Clark's method and the star of his philosophy.

The Nuclear: "can't be trapped in a definition or pinned on the cork of formula. It partakes of the incomplete which is greater than any complete, or the question which remains real while its answers, one by one, are abandoned . . . Restraint touches what I mean by the quality of the nuclear, but restraint is a negative word, and the nuclear is neither negative nor positive, or rather it's both, the complete cell from which the growth expands, the question by which the search is perpetually renewed."

Examples of the Nuclear: Lawrence's story, "The Man Who Died"; Debussy's "Hills of Capri"; a sonnet by Keats; a Gettysburg Address; a homely puppet by an anonymous craftsman; Buddha under his tree; Jesus not speaking before Pilate.

Examples of the Near-Nuclear: "Emerson, Whitman, Melville, Mark Twain, were all in a great measure nuclear, yet restraint is the last quality you could attribute to any of them."

Examples of the Non-Nuclear: "Bach was beyond question masterful, but, in my opinion, he isn't nuclear." "I'll admit that he [Joyce] is probably the most seminal of modern writers . . . Yet he isn't nuclear. He remains a writer's writer, which is to say, begging many pardons, a corpse for the inquest."

Example of the Anti-Nuclear: *Paradise Lost.* "It's a finished work. It suggests that there is nothing more to say. Everything around it has begun to die. Give it to those unfortunate scholars who are content to collect and repeat. Nobody else wants it."

Again, the Nuclear: "But listen to a lyric by Burns go singing down time . . . It is full of life and life is full of it. Everybody wrote it."

The Nuclear explains the great warmth with which Clark does the scenes in which Tim and Lawrence go into the country and by the artifice of song and symbol—piano, guitar, sketch—win strangers to themselves and themselves to strangers and to each other until everybody and everything is indeed very rosy and . . . nuclear. This is a phenomenon, when one thinks of Saroyan's heroic efforts, that seems to appear oftenest in low places. Higher up, the nuclear is found to be a little nutty. And intellectuals, even many who have tried hard to believe, find themselves wanting.

The City of Trembling Leaves is a profound, passionate, beautiful book of many sounds, signs and colors, and it will live.

JEREMY INGALLS:

MARGUERITE YOUNG: *Angel in the Forest.* Reynal and Hitchcock.

Angel in the Forest derives its great power equally from the selection of a peculiarly appropriate focus for the study of nineteenth-century Western civilization and from a technique, in the organization of facts, native to competent poets: juxtapositions so adroit that, without further exposition, the objects form new linkage in the reader's mind, strike against each other to echo in unexpected ranges of significance. In scholarship Miss Young's management of great ranges of material would, in itself, recommend her book as successful research. As I have read this, her first major prose work, I have found myself recurring constantly in memory to another and very great scholar who could assemble and operate the contents of innumerable file cards and notebooks with as much ease as if he were merely recording his memoirs; I refer to John Livingstone Lowes. Although Marguerite Young, in age and experience, would not presume to have herself so compared, she has shown a comparable gift, a mind not only compactly stored with references extending broadly beyond the necessary and elemental data of her subject, but also natively agile in drawing together unexpected objects in new and illuminating relationships. Out of the materials relative to the Utopian communities at New Harmony, Indiana, she has composed a work which no one will neglect who proposes to be a student of the nineteenth century.

Although the book jacket characterizes the work as "an epic of the nineteenth-century search for social perfection," among reviewers whose comments I happen to have read this aspect appears to have been rather slighted. Several have observed that, although the book is, first of all, a study of the Rappite and Owenite communities, Miss Young has made their history, by implication and aside, a commentary on the history of mankind, from the arrival "by a creaking ferry" to the last line: "So when you die, the undertaker is out bringing lambs into the world." *Angel in the Forest,* a prose work composed by poet's rules, exposition and argument extended by symbolism and recurrence, operates, like all sound works of art, on several levels of significance. Advertisements have generally indicated the first level: an item in Americana; reviewers have often indicated its ultimate level: the "pocket-country" in Indiana as microcosm, a study of the human race. Regional study, wise and humorous meditation on human nature, it is; but it is also a new and rewarding approach to the history of the past century with pragmatic value in its original devices for exploring the immediate background of our own time. The history of New Harmony is seen in its ultimate

relation to Queen Victoria, Abraham Lincoln, Thackeray and the city of Oudh. Nothing is here by accident, least of all the careful recounting of Prince Albert's Crystal Palace, which, were the book to be analyzed on dramatic principles, might very conveniently be regarded as the turning point in the tale.

Letters and documents—the diary of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Pears letters, rhymes and polemics of the period, complex business transactions of both Rapp and Owen—unobtrusively and ingeniously forward the narrative. History and gossip from Cincinnati to Mexico City reduce to the telling phrase; the West Coast millionaire who sent his shirts to China to be laundered; the familiar tale of Frances Slocum; Tecumseh's uprising and the propaganda of Lolawawchicka; the juxtaposition of Abraham Lincoln at Cooper Institute and Robert Dale Owen watching "spirit flowers plucked out of the air by spirit hands" in the "darkened parlor of a Broadway boarding-house," these and hundreds of equally apt items are devices in little, reflecting the elaborate strategy of recurrence, echo, climax, and staged anti-climax which give the book its peculiarly powerful structure. The Rappite maze comes back as Robert Owen's last dream of the circular city, the contents of Robert Dale Owen's last books return the tone of Father Rapp's sermons. The effect of Britain's New Poor Law, the famine in Ireland, the paid-for booing of Robert Owen in his old age, the delusions of the spirit world, not common to the Owens alone, these play back on the visions of the Rappites and to the angel's foot in stone; the fact of its purchase by Father Rapp buried, gently and deeply, in the innermost chapter.

The assemblage of remarkable human beings gathered in this book is not only a record of Marguerite Young's painstaking inquiries but also a memorable demonstration of narrative skill. Caught up out of history, set alive with much energy and great economy, the figures satellite to the main characters survive as vigorously as the leaders who affected their lives: the Pears family, and Uncle Bakewell, who was never at New Harmony; Greenwood, who made so curious an attempt at suicide; Maclure, contemplating *oida, id,* and Madame F.; Mr. Whitwell and his rational nomenclature; "dearest Caroline"—a novel in herself; Frances Wright, haunting Robert Dale and fanned by slaves in Haiti; William Taylor, shrewd dealer in real estate and collaborator in the "fun of making plans" for the funeral to inter the science of society; John Walker, the "martyr to luxury"; William Allen, the long-suffering Quaker; Constantine Raffinesque, Athenian nomad, gatherer of grasses; and Glaucas, the sewer-cleaner, walking New Harmony in 1940, unacquainted with this remarkable company, succinct commentator upon them all.

Of the more than three hundred pages of a work handling its material in a style distinguished for its power of vivid image and a particular mellowness of rhythm, some seventy pages, in the first twelve of the thirty-four chapters, seem to me markedly different in style and effectiveness, a difference which, I have discovered, in conversation, I have not been alone in observing. Points which in the major portion of the work would be permitted to make their own subtle and often satiric implications are unduly "underlined"; emphasis is melodramatic; recurrence and refrain are often very heavy; images and illusions show less invention than in the rest of the book. Those unacquainted with the history of the composition of *Angel in the Forest* might well be puzzled at the striking increase in power, once these early pages are passed. For the record in literary history, perhaps it is fair for me to report that these pages represent the sections of this work which, in 1941, were already completed as part of a long poem, the early drafts of which were the matrix of the completed prose work of 1945. I do not think the overwriting, the over-rich texture, the wit too close to wisecrack derives from the fact that passages once verse were turned into prose; I would suggest that the difficulty arises from the fact that they were re-written from verse "dated" from the period of Marguerite Young's less mature style; in recasting the passages, some of the mannerisms of a younger and less skillful writer were allowed to weight the new text. Fortunately these passages are inconsiderable in the sum of the work.

Observation, report, parallels from the range of European philosophies of society, apt plotting of detail, power over the ordering of complex fact in a narrative which is, at once, history, philosophy, and remarkable gossip, this power of interlocked organization, of circle within circle of implication is, I believe, the sound and necessary result of Marguerite Young's talent as a poet, a "maker" with that energy in ordering materials which is essential to the great artist. *Angel in the Forest,* literal, factual, is nevertheless a fable, the materials of history so presented as to accomplish,

by their arrangement, implications larger than particular time and place. It is a fable of struggle which has its base line in the sea which covered Indiana—graphically and imaginatively recreated in the chapter called "An Adult View." This struggle between the will to power of a Father Rapp and the will toward humanity of a Robert Owen, the failure in success, the success in failure, becomes both a fable for all time and a particular foreshadowing of this time we know all too well. For an enduring place both among social histories and literary masterpieces *Angel in the Forest* is a most eligible candidate.

HENRY MILLER:

JAMES HANLEY: *No Directions.* Faber and Faber (London).

I woke up this morning thinking of *No Directions* and I let out a roar. I was thinking of Mr. Johns, the drunken sailor man, and of Clem, the little genius, and of Lena, his wife, suffering from "cancer of the heart." And I roared again. The book is one long roar of oceanic trash drowned in a green jungle of cracked ice, dementia, hysteria, vomit, flames and hallucination. It goes in every direction at once, with Mr. Johns the sailor man doing a tangential slide into limbo. Clem, the "geeney-wenius," is always putting a last touch to his immortal canvas; his wife is always looking for the pills or the vinegar rag; Mr. Johns is always looking for a bloody drink; the man with the Philco is always trying to get Bolivia; Gwen is always looking for her Richard, who in turn is always looking for dead bodies, incendiary bombs or a brief let-up in the ceaseless strafing from above.

Everything happens in *a* house in London during an air raid. It is a mad-house, an exact replica of the outer mad-house which is the world, only this mad-house is in the mind, and only a cataclysm can put an end to the crazy clock-work. The style which Hanley employs to register this fantastic *degringolade* is superbly suited to his needs. One feels that the author is not merely in the seemingly meaningless suite of events which are piled on one another pell-mell but in the debris and bric-a-brac of the mind itself. It is the language of utter disorder and demoralization, maintained as rigidly and consistently throughout as is Kafka's in the nightmare he inhabits. The humor is savage and explosive, maudlin and cracked by turns. It is high humor, the humor of the gods rolling in their cups. Not a single commentary, not even an oblique one, does the narrator permit himself. His is "the Arctic touch"—and it leaves a cold shiver down the spine.

One of the memorable scenes is that of the genius—magnificently obsessed—moving his canvas back and forth, up and down, in and out, from his miserable lodging upstairs to the shelter down below. Hanley has made of this episode an addition to the mythological images of ancient times. Clem symbolizes the modern artist moving in a void under the pressure of his own steam. It is he who invents the "cancer of the heart." And why not cancer of the heart? Isn't everything topsy-turvy? Why should the heart remain invulnerable?

At the height of the air raid the scene becomes apocalpytic. "I must see this, I must see this!" cries Clem, and he tears himself loose and steps out into the river of light flowing past. Mr. Johns, the drunken sailor man who has been lying prostrate on the floor of the shelter, is now lying outside, blown outdoors by a violent concussion. Clem looks at him for a moment or two, then he steps over "his great shuddering arse." The description of what follows is like a passage out of Revelation. One is blown along like dust, lifted and whirled aloft like a blazing cinder. Consuming everything is the vast ocean of light falling in cataracts of blazing, drenching colors. "God!" he said, "it's magnificent, it's . . . " Clem scrambles about, intoxicated you might say, by the stupendous destruction. He is on a roof looking down. "Far below in the street a grinding of brakes, hissing noises, but always the light overhead, reeling, bright colours, like an overflow from revelries . . . Wood and stone and steel alive with wrecking power . . . An orgy of movement, in one direction, moving under the light. An ocean of floating trash." Suddenly he walks off the roof! Now he is wrestling with a mad white stallion, he is being dragged along, he feels himself become one "with all this rushing ocean." The stallion has begun to gallop but he holds on grimly —"as though all his life had been a single movement towards this, to hold fast with a hoofed

creature, demented in a rocking city." Finally he quiets the animal's fear, it calms down, and together they walk slowly down the shattered street. "If you walked far enough you came to something green, older than steel or stone, where this beast belonged."

The drunken sailor meanwhile has passed into the final stupor of oblivion. He had been trying to get to Plaistow all through the book but succeeds only in wandering from one room to another and at last winds up in the deathless sea of light where delirium tremens continue forever. Lena the wife is waiting for Clem to return, then they will climb back to their hollow shell, to the pain in the chest and the pills. Clem, having left the horse in a field, does return, sees the sailor's prone figure again, mumbles "Nothing," then asks Lena if she is ready. "I'm ready now," she says, and the blankness of the page indicates to us that we may now begin all over again, get the canvas hoisted to the top floor, put the vinegar compress around poor Clem's aching head, wander into the green room, take a swig from some absentee's liquor bottle, search for the right depth and the right color, turn the Philco on and off, get Bolivia at all costs, laugh again, make love with the inebriated model on the table, on the floor, or from the chandelier if capable, then switch out the lights, drag the canvas down the dark stairs again, walk over the roof tops, dive into the churning light, die on the pavement of a shattered street in an ocean of trash, and thus, little by little, step by step, up and down, backwards and forwards, inside and out, reeling, swooning, vomiting, chortling, try, as Mr. Eliot would say, "to grasp the essential horror of it all."

ROBERT RICHMAN:

W. H. AUDEN: *Collected Poems.* Random House.
C. DAY LEWIS: *Word Over All.* Jonathan Cape (London).
LOUIS MacNEICE: *Springboard.* Faber (London).

There is but one aspect which Auden, Day Lewis and MacNeice, who once were of singular similarity, still have in common: each one has kept his individuality of idea and technique. But each has gone his separate way since Oxford, from mysticism to skepticism. Only Lewis maintains a social ideology; yet the complexion of this has changed from 1930 proletarianism to a more metaphysical and human concept of his former doctrine of revolution—"love in action." The War has changed his theory of love in action as a way of life to a theory of essence that "men are love."

Of the three poets, MacNeice has failed to meet his ideological crisis soundly with his escape into self-pity of the inner man, half sardonically, half savagely. At least he has confused his disillusion with a pity that borders on Narcissus'; and his poetry unfolds that without the edge or the conviction it had ten years ago when he wrote to Auden in *Letters From Iceland:*

> Our prerogatives as men
> Will be cancelled who knows when;
> Still I drink your health before
> The gun-butt raps upon the door.

But by a curious shift in reasoning, MacNeice has come to believe that his prerogative was taken away not by the war but by self-betrayal, which is an act of his will to choose. Hence, his cancellation is one of sickness within at a War without, certainly an understandable change; but that that sickness should be diagnosed as self-betrayal and then attributed in the same poem to bursting ideologies is a curious reversal of dialectic materialism:

> Another drink: Cain has slain his brother.
> Another drink: Cain they say is cursed.
> Another and another and another—
> The beautiful ideologies have burst.
> . . .
> Take away your slogans; give us something to swallow
> Give us beer or brandy or schnapps or gin;
> This is the only road for the self-betrayed to follow—
> The last way out that leads not out but in.

The conclusion is inevitable that MacNeice does not accept self-blame and resign himself, because he gives no exposition of self-blame. His resignation is emotional not Stoical: it is escape not banishment. Thus, this passage in "Epitaph For Liberal Poets"—

> What, though better unsaid, would we have history say
> Of us who walked in our sleep and died on our Quest?
> . . .
> Such silence then before us, pinned against the wall
> Why need we whine? There is no way out, the birds
> Will tell us nothing more; we shall vanish first,
> Yet leave behind us certain frozen words
> Which some day, though not certainly, may melt
> And for a moment or two, accentuate a thirst.

must be balanced with MacNeice's admission of self-pity in "Babel":

> Children were bickering over beads—
> Can't we ever, my love, speak in the same language?
> We cut each other's throats out of our great self-pity—
> Have we no aims in common?
>
> Patriots, dreamers, die-hards, theoreticians, all,
> Can't we ever, my love, speak in the same language,
> Or shall we go, still quarreling over words, to the wall?

The almost Hellenic tragedy MacNeice feels flowers most fully here, but in the restrictions of his ideology there is no spiritual strength in his escape. There is not the strength of a Stoic in his resignation; nor is there the final therapy of self-pity by self-blame. Accepting self-blame for the pity arising from self-betrayal is missing from the ethos of MacNeice. And this is reason to say that although he masters the crafts of poetry, he does not have the stature in his ethos that the major poet must always have. To state this weakness is to recognize that it appears in poetic music of high quality.

It is exactly for the same reason that Auden and Lewis have the stature of major poets: each has an ethos great enough. Lewis has in his latest work entered a new poetic and ideological development, for he has adopted an almost mediaeval concept that art is a habit of the mind with the modern concept that demands a social ideology both tenable and defensible. And he also has changed from revolutionary optimism to a social meliorism, that is, he has changed from his belief of improving man by changing social institutions to a philosophical concept of improving man from within; it is like Lewis' poem on "Reconciliation," symbolical of another change in the tank-driver:

> He feels a world without, a world within
>
> Wrestle like old antagonists, until each is
> Balancing each. Then, in a heavenly calm,
> The lock gates open, and beyond
> Appear the argent, swan assemblied reaches.

It is likely that Lewis arrived at this new position of social meliorism, the exposition of which occurs most completely in "The Assertion," "O Dreams, O Destination," and "The Rebuke," by way of his change in poetic theory. As habit of the mind, his art becomes for him his resolution and the way of life which allows him to rise above the horror of war. Thus, his new poetry is no longer revolutionary: it is now a common man's poetry with "a focus on small Nature," less political, more human like Whitman's. Although the present quality in his poetry is a development in kind from his earlier *From Feathers to Iron,* the poetic-theory poems in this new volume are a more mature treatment of his change. Of "Word Over All," "The Innocent," "The Image," "The Lighted House," and 'The Poet," the first is the most definitive:

> I, who chose to be caged with the devouring
> Present, must hold its eye
> Where blaze ten thousand farms and fields unharvested
> And hearts, steel-broken, die.

Yet words there must be, wept on the cratered present,
To gleam beyond it:
Never was cup so mortal but poets with mild
Everlastings have crowned it.
. . .
Dark over all, absolving all, is hung
Death's vaulted patience:
Words are to set man's joy and suffering there
In constellations.

We speak of what we know, but what we have spoken
Truly we know not—
Whether our good may tarnish, our grief to far
Centuries glow not.

The Cause shales off, the Humankind stands forth
A mightier presence,
Flooded by dawn's pale courage, rapt in eve's
Rich acquiescence.

But most significant in this volume is that his ideological concept has grown in the years of War into a meliorism that gives his poetry a strength and simplicity—work, like that of a mediaeval ironsmith. "Peeling off fear, revealing loves true form," Lewis argues that "love is not what you dream" for such love might be "the suicide's grave under the nettles"; and at this time in history, "drear . . . and has no voice for consolation or presage." But if we like the Israelites find "nothing sure/But a desert of freedom to quench their fugitive yearnings," then

At this blind hour the heart is more informed of nature's
Ruling that man
Should be nowhere a more tenacious settler than
Among wry thorns and ruins, yet nurture
A seed of discontent in his ripest ease.
There's a kind of release
And a kind of torment in every goodbye for every man—
And will be, even to the last of his dark departures.

After such almost mystical awakening and renunciation, Lewis like Whitman achieves reconciliation in "The Assertion," one of the finest modern poems.

Now, in the face of destruction . . .
Now, as never before, when man seems born to hurt
And a whole wincing earth not wide enough
For his ill will, now is the time to assert
To their face that men are love.
. . .
O love, so honest of face, so unjust in action,
Never so dangerous as when denied,
Let your kindness tell us how false we are, your bloody correction
Our purpose and our pride.

That is spiritual growth, valid and deep; his art is habit of his mind, of such is major poetry.

And from affirmation he has had from rubbing elbows with men at "Stand-To," Lewis knows

The words of the politicians seem too big or too small
For the ragtag fighters of lane and shadow, the love that has grown
Familiar as working clothes, faithful as bone to bone.

Out of the damage of his lifetime, Lewis has achieved strength "to speak humanly from the height or from the depth/Of human things, that is the acutest speech."

As Lewis changed from leftist poet, so Auden changed. But Auden's change to mysticism is bound to raise more critical complaint, more cries from the dialectic materialists who still accept Lewis that Auden has betrayed them. Thus now, after he has collected the poetry of his last fifteen years, it is important to make an evaluation of only the ideology of this major poet, since all agree that the man is a major craftsman. He has developed by an organic progression from his earliest

to his latest ideology. In his early or psychological phase, Auden wrote three variations of his concept of love—the basic idea of his poetry: he sought almost as a consulting psychologist would, the ways in which love could become a technique of living for man, for mankind, and for the social order. In *Poems 1930,* in *The Orators* (only the "Letter To a Wound" is included in the collection), and *Paid On Both Sides,* Auden wrote this single theme: to cure man's social illness caused by a lack of love, man must begin to trust love and to live privately and publicly with working love transfigured into a social order.

Thus the emphasis Auden placed on man's need for love quite naturally turned from the psychological to the political, from inner to outer solution. It is also natural that he should believe that communism would most nearly flower into the way of life he prescribed in *The Orators* for the sick English nation, which was told to kill its real enemy—the third level of corrupted lovers, the perverted lovers. In his political dramas, he began his second phase of his concept of love with prescribing specific procedures for curing man's Love-illness by instituting a politico-social order based on love and natural order, as in the poems from the plays and *Look, Stranger.*

But Auden's revolutionary optimism was destroyed by the wars in Spain, China and Ethiopia. With this disillusionment in political intervention, he changed his concept of love. Or as he said in *Letters From Iceland,* "then I met Gide." And Kirkegaard, and Kafka. But his third phase is defensible: from a philosophical use of political ideology to solve his thesis in the concept of love he changed to a similar use of ethics, the movement being from outside change of social order to the inner change of man. This is explained in *Journey To A War,* and in some of the poems in *Another Time.*

Finally, as he came to politics by way of pyschology, so he came to mysticism from philosophy by way of politics. The exposition of this growth is the poetry of *New Year Letter* and *The Quest* which give his defense of the third phase in his concept of love, the phase of philosophical quest. And from this he progresses to the fourth phase in his concept of love—the mystical adaptation of love and spiritual order—the pattern and movement of which is the essence of *The Quest, The Sea And The Mirror,* and *For The Time Being.* The intellectual milieu in which Auden had moved precluded any logical growth except mysticism or skepticism. Thus his confessional in *The Sea And The Mirror* admits the illusion of reality in art as a way of life and implies a search for the essence of reality in mysticism as an ethos. (Compare the similar decision Lewis had to make).

However, Auden's conversion to theological orthodoxy has not as yet been effectively completed, and as a result, in *For The Time Being,* he resorts to using buffon poetry (the term is Spender's) as he did in his political poems. I believe that this buffon poetry, which arises in the political poems as a result of a satire lacking a philosophical backwall and which arises in the religious poetry as a result of an embarrassment in a noticeable lack of reason in his mysticism—inherent in Kirkegaard's contrasted say with the rational mysticism of Eliot—weakens Auden's poetic simplicity and convincingness.

But this final phase in his concept of love is consistent with the predecessors: it has been and is incessantly present in the ideology of Auden. Those who accepted his early poetic statements of this concept of love in the pyschological and political poetry are inconsistent if they reject the logic of Auden's turn to mysticism. Auden is not. And no implication is to be drawn that these or any reader must *ergo* accept the tenets of Auden's mysticism.

But his ideology is strong enough to bear the weight of major poetic responsibility. His theology is not one of dogma, creed, ritual and tradition such as Eliot's Anglo-Catholicism and Thomism; rather it is a mysticism founded in the belief that God is a hounding power and a positive force that, like Kafka's, seeks out man and makes him live in goodness and in love. It avoids the use of the reason, like Kirkegaard's. Thus it is as highly controversial as it is personal; but, most disappointingly of all, it is weakened by buffon poetry in the *Oratorio.* However, such argument as in *Christmas 1940* needs no apologia; one needs only critical detachment to see the greatness of the poetry.

> How can the mind make sense, bombarded by
> A stream of incompatible mishaps,
> The bloom and buzz of a confessed collapse?

What properties define our person since
This massive vagueness moved in on our lives,
What laws require our substance to exist?
Our strands of private order are dissolved
And lost our routes to self-inheritance,
Position and Relation are dismissed,
An epoch's Providence is quite worn out,
The lion of Nothingness chases us about.

. . . but neither depth nor height
Nor any other creature can prevent
Our reasonable and lively motions in
This modern void where only Love has weight
And Fate by Faith is freely understood,
And he who works shall find our Fatherhood.

That is a strong blow leveled at scientific determinism, and what is more important than whether we agree with him or not, for our personal taste can not yet become a principle of poetry, is that the ideology of Auden is a consistent development of a changing philosophy with which he maintains the logic of his moral criticism. This, I believe, is still a fundamental principle of poetry. And thus in *For The Time Being,* in one of the best passages there, Auden can say

. . . We are afraid
Of pain but more afraid of silence; for no nightmare
Of hostile objects could be as terrible as this Void.
This is the Abomination. This is the wrath of God.

That is a poetry of belief, which translated into a milestone marks the *Journey of the Magi* stage in his religious pilgrimage, his renunciation and confession having been made in *The Quest* and *The Sea And The Mirror.*

DEARING LEWIS:

Tahl, by Jeremy Ingalls. Alfred A. Knopf.

Tahl, Jeremy Ingalls' beautiful and carefully built poem, is conceived on a heroic scale. An epic of our civilization, it is the story of man alone and in society, of his asking and seeking, of the resolution of problems in himself and among those with whom he lives. The questions are the eternal ones: "What man am I, returning?" and "In what shall we survive?" The focal point is the life of a young musician, Tahl, who moves "in time" and "out of time," but is never divorced from reality. Jeremy Ingalls has used her great learning to relate man's past to her exposition of the present, not esoterically, not for mere ornamentation, but critically, to heighten the meaning of the present. Often several levels of history operate simultaneously—for example, ancient Egypt exists in and influences the mind of Tahl, a traveller through the modern bazaars; ancient Greece affects him and his companions in a tavern at Piraeus. The device integrates the idea of interdependence of men and of men's actions. Accordingly, the characters act and react upon each other in a time that contains within it the sum total of man's history.

The essential brotherhood of men is one of the dominant themes:

Their common factor is no fact of bearing
Less than fifty chromosomes; not riding
A less-than-nothing planet; and not dying.

The perception of individual man, forever separate from the 'mass man," however much the careless observer or power-seeking demagogue may think otherwise, is a perception primary to Tahl's growth. He says, during the Christmas bombing of Madrid:

Our war is the more desperate that moves
Against a cloud of cyphers and no telling
By star or swastika or any emblem
Nor name by nation which of all the faces
Loves his helotry before his freedom.
If there are heroes they must be such men
As love and doubt their flatterers as they
Can love and doubt their enemies. I think
At last a man's account is to all men
With numbers positive and no man nothing.

It is not enough for a poet to express large ideas beautifully; they must be ordered. The meticulous attention to the structural problems of *Tahl* will be apparent to all who read with an analytical eye. Each tightly packed canto and part holds a necessary position among the other parts of the poem. The epic is divided into four books; the first two, exposition; the last two, resolution. In Book One Tahl asks questions evolved out of his experience and is led on to investigation of the meaning of life interpreted by other ages and peoples. He studies Indian and Chinese philosophy and then, in Book Two, begins his journey, first to Egypt and Palestine. Although he is characterized in detail among his friends, his separateness as "man alone" is emphasized. As the growing nations became more involved with each other as civilization moved from Greece westward, so Tahl becomes more involved with those around him from his voyage to Greece, when he meets Alison, whom he is later to marry, to his sojourn in Vienna, Florence, Paris, and Madrid. Tahl's increasing awareness of society leads him to take part in the Spanish Civil War, which furnishes material for some of the most stirring action and thought in the narrative.

The complex influences that private individuals unconsciously exert upon each other make up the theme of Book Three. Here the lives of the intensely human and living characters reflect the influence of each other and of Tahl. All the recurrent themes are brought together in Book Four, the scene being mostly in America—in the Southwest, the Midwest, and on the Atlantic coast. Tahl as a private individual is shown no longer alone but with Alison, in the story of their marriage, told with rare sensitivity and power, against a background of American Indian legends of creation. Finally, the climax of Tahl's work as a composer comes in his oratorio, the words of which are a magnificent poem of faith.

Most of the action of *Tahl* is presented dramatically, in dialogue, the ideas coming from the characters, not from the poet as narrator. One comes to recognize each person's manner of speaking—George's bluntness, the waltzing lilt of the Viennese Stephanie, the subtle and biting wit of the Doctor, the grave eloquence of Alison. Unnamed speakers in Book Four, the young conductor, the journalist, the little girl in Arizona, the old woman, and the Spanish guerrilla whom Tahl dug out of the heap at Teruel,—"nameless people"—in brief passages come, nevertheless, vigorously and dramatically alive. To make conversation in poetry seem natural is a remarkable feat, but this Miss Ingalls has accomplished, in types diverse as Tahl's blowing off steam, the intricate and pregnant dialogues with his friends, and the delightful play of the two children, Julie and Buck.

Since every speech is in character, the kind of verse employed is determined by the person, the place, and the mood. The amazing variety extends from the simple ballad form to the Villon ballade of the Paris section; from a modified *terza rima* appropriate to the Fiesole discussion of power in religion, to the rhythmic paragraphs of Tahl and Alison's life in Arizona. Most effective use is made of contrasting verse forms, as in the gentle lament for Julian and the fierce resentment immediately following, in the passionately hypnotic exhortation in the Indian section to renounce the pleasures of the senses, and the serenity and simplicity of the Chinese section. Jeremy Ingalls, equally a master of the short line and sustained blank verse, proves her mastery of the most difficult of poetic forms in the intricate sestina which concludes the poem, binding together the major symbols into a finally adequate statement of the significance of the "obscure" heroes of all civilization.

The rich imagination, the coherence between symbol and meaning, the absorbing story and penetrating description, the symmetry of the parts, and the tremendous scope and humanity of the whole insure *Tahl* a greatness that readers will continue to recognize.

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HARRY ROSKOLENKO, the well-known young American poet, has returned from extended Army service in Australia.

EMMA SWAN is a young New York poet and dramatist.

W. Y. TYNDALL, of Columbia University, is the author of books on Bunyan and Lawrence and a forthcoming history of contemporary British literature, in which the Yeats essay will appear as part of the chapter on symbolism.

BYRON VAZAKAS has contributed to ACCENT, *Partisan Review,* and other magazines. His home is Reading, Pennsylvania.

BERTHOLD VIERTEL, the famous Austrian stage and screen director, novelist, and poet, has just staged a series of performances of Brecht's *Private Life of the Master Race* in New York City. His work has been published in English before, translated by Auden, but the present sketches are the first he has written in English.

Our supply of copies of three issues in Volume III—Winter, Spring, and Summer, 1943—is exhausted. Since we wish to continue filling orders for libraries and collectors, it will be appreciated if our readers who still have any of these copies but do not intend to keep them permanently would send them to us at once. We shall gladly pay 50c apiece for them, plus the cost of mailing. Kindly do not roll or fold them.

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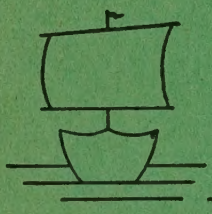

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